Modern Gulliver's Travels.

LILLIPUT:

BEING

A NEW JOURNEY

TO THAT

CELEBRATED ISLAND.

CONTAINING

A FAITHFUL ACCOUNT

OF THE

MANNERS, CHARACTER, CUSTOMS, RELIGION, LAWS, POLITICS, REVENUE, TAXES, LEARNING, GENERAL PROGRESS IN ARTS AND SCIENCES, DRESS, AMUSEMENTS, AND GALLANTRY

OF THOSE

FAMOUS LITTLE PEOPLE.

From the Year 1702 (when they were first discovered and visited by Captain Lemuel Gulliver, the Father of the Compiler of this Work), to the present Æra 1796.

By LEMUEL GULLIVER, Jun.

Designed to shew—"*Virtue* her own feature, *scorn* her own image, and *the very age* and *body of the time* its *form and pressure.*"

SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CHAPMAN, FLEET STREET,

1796.

DEDICATION.

TO THE MOST NOBLE

FRANCIS,

DUKE OF BEDFORD, MARQUIS OF TAVISTOCK, EARL OF BEDFORD, BARON RUSSELL AND HOWLAND.

My Lord Duke,

If it is ever necessary for *virtue* to oppose a shield against the poisoned shafts of *calumny* and *envy*, it should be either of *satire* or *ridicule*.

In the Pagan mythology, we read, "That one of the furies (Tisiphone) became enamoured of *Cythæron*, an amiable youth; but fearing to affright him by her *natural form*, *voice*, and *manner*, she employed a third person, or *in the third person* addressed him. *He* disdainfully rejected her suit; on which she threw one of her snakes at him (*perhaps only a letter of invective*), which, twisting round his body, strangled him."

Had *Cythæron* uplifted the buckler of *satire* or *ridicule*, the serpent would either have glanced harmlessly aside from its highly-polished and well-tempered front, or forcibly rebounding, have spent its venom on the breast of the enraged, disappointed, malicious jaculator.

If, on the perusal of the few following pages, YOUR GRACE should discover the meritorious attempt (though of a feeble arm) to raise the guards of *satire* and *ridicule*, protective of assailed integrity, against the gall dipped ebon arrow of a *sublime modern Tisiphone*, the exertion will not pass without your praise: The ambition of,

My LORD DUKE,

YOUR GRACE'S

Most respectful admirer,

Fellow-subject, and citizen,

W. Whitmore

21 Hatton Garden
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LILLIPUT,

&c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

The Author's Birth, Parentage, and Education.

My father, during his reſidence at *Bleſeſcu*, became enamoured of *a nun*; her name was *Adeline Belciglia*, ſhe favoured him, and *I* am the iſſue of the amour (at leaſt, it has hitherto been ſo reported). My mother was of courſe obliged to confeſs herſelf to the viſitor of her convent, *Father Rambellius*: Youth, beauty, and tears, obtained his pity (ſomething more, perhaps!) however, he preſerved her character, by his care and ſecrecy, and during the remainder of her life was, as my father had been, the neareſt and deareſt to her heart.

To their care and caution, the reader owes the gratification, which, no doubt, he will receive, in the perufal of the following pages.

For want of a cradle, as ſoon as born, I was popped into a relique cheſt, two feet four inches long, which had, as was ſaid, contained the aſhes of the firſt abbeſs of the nunnery, a pure virgin, though at her deceaſe upwards of ninety years of age. In this depoſitary of ſuppoſed innocence was I encloſed for the firſt eight years of my exiſtence, for the firſt two years of which, a muſlin bandage was always enfolded many times round my head, ſo as to cover my mouth, that my infantine cries might not be heard; and I was often fed by phyſical aid, when I appeared any ways uneaſy, leſt my artleſs murmurs ſhould cauſe diſcovery. I grew to my manſion, beyond it I could not lengthen, which, as it has ſince proved, was of great advantage to me during my ſojourn in Lilliput, being, on account of my diminutive ſize, leſs an object of jealouſy in that ſuſpicious country, than my father had been, whoſe gigantic height and ſinewy qualifications,

tions, the perufers of his travels remember to have been continual fources of inconvenience.

The day after I had reached my eighth year my mother died, and the good Rambellius, with truly pious fraud, took me and my narrow home in his arms to his cell, under the pretence of obtaining a fimilar farcophagus to contain the bones of my *virgin mother*, that there might be a pair of chafte examples ever before the religieufe, to fix their ideas the right way.

Arrived at the monaftery, he clofed the door of his cell, and turning my houfe topfy-turvy, emptied me on a large oak table; then, with tears in his eyes, thus addreffed me:

I.

" Now fent to day and day-light giv'n,
" Poor little orphan'd boy!
" Sad child of chance, yet heir of heav'n,
" Ah, whither canst thou fly?

II.

" Without or fhelter, means, or friend,
" The world's thy utter foe;
" If fhort thy ftage, thou'lt wish its end,
" For all thy wealth is woe!"

He then preſſed me to his boſom, and kiſſed me. I do not recollect that I then underſtood the meaning of his words, as I ſince have from reading ſome of the manuſcripts he left me; but I put both my hands on his pallid care-worn cheeks, and wept on his beard. He wiped his eyes, and, looking upwards, continued—

III.

" Thou ſhalt be mine, I'll guard thy youth,
" My cell ſhall be thy home;
" And I will give thee holy truth,
" Bleſs'd fortune for the tomb.

IV.

" So, chearly boy, dry up thy tears,
" And dread nor care or ſtrife;
" Here reſt in peace, *'till* rip'ning years,
" Befits for active life.

V.

" *Then* try the world, and mayſt thou find,
" Kind fortune ſtill thine own;
" *If* not, and thou'rt to grief conſign'd,
" *Sad child, my duty's* done!"

He again embraced me, placed me by him, and gave me refreſhment, adding the ſtory

ſtory of my life to the then paſſing moment. I liſtened with attention, and gave him in return my promiſe of aſſiduity, and profiting by, as far as my abilities would permit, his kind aſſurances of education, and fitting me for the world. *I* was not diſappointed; *he* fulfilled his part; and often in the progress, he has ſaid, *I* was a grateful pupil.

We lived together till I attained my twentieth year, when a dreadful revolution in *Bleſcu*, overturned as well the church as ſtate.

My kind patron was among the early victims to anarchic frenzy; he was butchered; and I, alas! had the wide and unknown world before me: All my treaſure the few manuſcripts he had given me but a ſhort time before his end.

From thoſe manuſcripts, among which were my father's travels, I ſhall occaſionally endeavour to amuſe my reader. *For myſelf!* I am no longer to be conſidered as the virtuous eléve of *good Rambellius*, but,

GULLIVER, *Junior*

" without or *friend*, or *relative*, or *home*."

CHAP. II.

Blefeſcu—Author's Departure therefrom—Voyage to, and Arrival on the Coaſt of Lilliput.

MASSACRE reigned uncontrouled throughout the once fine and flouriſhing kingdom of *Blefeſcu*; perſons of all ranks and either ſex were engaged in the general havoc; ſave *that*, here and there, an individual philoſophically beheld the horrid ſtorm, and in ſilence wept the loſs of friends, and ruin of his country.

It was my good fortune to be known to one of the latter deſcription. I had often been at the villa of the *noble Mediocritas*, in company with my patron, to whom I now fled for ſhelter. He received me with open arms, but dared not reſcue me from diſtreſs by permitting me to reſide under his roof, as I had been the inmate of a religious houſe, without himſelf incurring the danger of death, from the municipal authority then governing, as a man

man *yet tainted* with *goodneſs* and *the remains of religion.*

All he could he did for me; he put a thouſand pieces of gold into my pocket, and adviſed me to ſeek the coaſt of *Lilliput.* The advice was taken, and I ſlowly withdrew from him with thanks and tears.

I repaired to the *foreſt of Balono,* and *there,* having previouſly purchaſed a ſmall ſtore of proviſion, I ſecreted myſelf ſome days, my time wholly occupied in reading my father's account of that beautiful country, and ſtudying, by the help of a grammar and dictionary which I had of the language, to become ſome proficient therein.

Vanity is an ingredient thrown into every mortal's compoſition; of courſe, *I* had my ſhare. I muſt firſt confeſs it *here,* even *here.* I thought that my father wanted ſome perſpicuity in not furniſhing himſelf with a pair of ſpectacles, whoſe magnifying powers would increaſe the tiny race of Lilliput to the ſize of common mortals; by that means he could have gained numberleſs advantages, and have obtained conſiderable knowledge. I was ſo fully

fully convinced of *this*, that I repaired to *Balono*, and completed the purchaſe. I bought alſo a few more biſcuits and a ſauſage or two, for which that place is famous, then haſted to the ſea-ſhore, determined, like my *father (here vanity* was again predominant), to wade over without delay. The moon ſhone, and I daſhed into the wave. Attempting too much, we often ſink into contempt and ridicule. I was in danger of worſe than either of *thoſe*—of *drowning!* I had forgotten, or *vanity* had made me forget, that my *father* was ſix feet high, and the waters of the paſſage were up to *his chin*. *I* was, as before ſtated, only two feet four inches, ſo that my firſt purchaſe ſhould have been a *cork jacket*. After ſwimming about for almoſt half an hour, though only an hundred yards from the ſtrand, I regained it. Fatigued, almoſt exhauſted, I again ſought the wood, and in a hollow tree patiently waited the return of the ſun to dry my clothes, that I might, unſuſpected of attempt at eſcape, reviſit the town to buy a cork jacket, before I again ſet forward.

Night

Night is the time for contemplation and ſtudy; I was ſo damp and cold I could not ſleep; my voyage occupied my mind.

I was abſorbed in thought till a guſt of wind rouſed me. How, thought I, will it fare with thee *Gulliver*, ſhould the wind blow hard, when thy little frame is on the face of the waters? How, without rudder, ſail, or compaſs, wilt thou ſteer thy way, though kept by cork above the wave? Thy little feet will not be within four feet of the bottom, and thou mayeſt be carried about like a float on a fiſhing-line, the whirligig of every gurglet in the ſtream. Prudence, or vanity, inſtantly replied, "A *ſail* is within thy power, and purchaſe; at leaſt, that which will anſwer as well for thy aquatic tour—a *large umbrella*." I was ſatisfied, I ſlept, and awaking, found the long-riſen ſun had dried me thoroughly. I walked to the town, bought my ſail, and at nightfall again haſted to the beach. Clad in cork, I launched in; and was ſo fortunate as to preſerve my paſſage on ſhallows, till I was one third over the river, before I had occaſion to think of my ſail. The waters now roſe on me; I was

above

above my middle; I hoiſted my *umbrella*, and boldly puſhed forward. The wind was fair, buoyed me up, and carried me on. I kept my way, chearly, ſteadily; holding my ſail by turns with either hand, and by turns paddling with either: But I was compelled to hold it ſo low before me, that I could not ſee what ground I made, though I was certain I was at a quick rate, by the frequent blaſts of wind that forced me on. All of a ſudden a violent ſtorm of hail, as I thought, aſſailed me; with difficulty, the wind ſtill blowing freſh, I lifted my ſail ſo high as to peep under it, *when*, to my pleaſure and ſurpriſe, I perceived the ſtorm of hail, as I had apprehended it to be, was a broad-ſide, fired at me from a Lilliputian man of war, then within two yards of me. I took in my canvaſs a little, which, it ſeems, was underſtood as my ſignal for ſtriking; on which they put out all their boats, and in about two minutes I found myſelf overwhelmed by near four hundred of them climbing on my back. Fortunately I was now within my depth; I put my feet to the ground; and with one exertion furled my ſail. Sorry am I that I did

did ſo, for the wind and report of it occaſioned upwards of fifty of the poor little wretches to fall off me into the water; nineteen of whom never more ſaw friends, or wives, or children. The reſt, the moment they beheld my head, fled with conſternation to their boats, and regained the ſhip. I boldly fought and gained the ſhore. The ſhip returned to port-making ſignals, which I have ſince learned, were for the reſt of the fleet to do the ſame; imagining that the Blefeſcudians had begun an invaſion of their country, long threatened, by me, who was ſuppoſed the van ſhip of their fleet, the *Commerci Baloni*, the Blefeſcudians' largeſt man of war.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Arrival and reception at Doph'r.

I WAS *now* ſafely landed, far beyond the reach of curſed democracy; and, compoſedly, happily walked on to a hillock, on which, ſeating myſelf, and looking downwards, I ſaw the Lilliputian

> " Crows and choughs, hanging the midway air,
> " Shew ſcarce ſo groſs as atoms."

Then caſting my eye over the water I had paſſed, I enthuſiaſtically exclaimed, with horror!

> " I look back upon thee, oh! thou country,
> " That girdleſt in theſe wolves."

I took a biſcuit from my bag, ate it with gratitude, and thanked heaven for my eſcape. Soon after I fell into a ſweet ſlumber, and awoke quite refreſhed and ſerene. I got up, clapped *my ſpectacles* on my noſe, and walked into *Doph'r*. Thinking that I might poſſibly hire

hire ſome ſtate machine, or ammunition waggon, large enough to carry me to *the capital*; having alſo plenty of wealth about me, and my time my own, expedition was unneceſſary. My fortune too, being, as I ſuppoſed, equal to the royal treaſury, I thought, like other great travellers, I might be *pleaſurably expenſive*; and that *that* would be a ſtep towards aggrandizing myſelf in the eyes of my new countrymen.

I had not proceeded above twenty yards, when I found the uſe of my ſpectacles, without which I ſhould infallibly have trod to death two fine children, of about ten years of age, who were careleſsly playing at marbles in the high road, down which I was obliged to paſs, the footpaths being only three inches wide.

Doph'r is a well built clean town, has a beautiful fort and caſtle on the ſummit of a monſtrous mountainous rock, nearly ſixteen feet above the level of the river, to which I walked, and ſtooping low, ſpoke to a centinel who was parading the upper parapet (and, as I have ſince learned, watching my motions) as lowly as I could, to know if I

might obtain a vehicle for travelling. I found I had not miſpent my time in the *wood of Balono*, for he anſwered me readily, "*What money have you?*" "Why?" ſaid I: "Becauſe," he replied, "if you have money enough, you can command every thing here." I put my hand in my pocket, and produced a piece of gold. "I perceive," ſaid he, "you are *civilized*, and worthy to ſpeak to *our governor*; I'll call him." He then ſounded the great bell of the caſtle, which was nearly the ſize of (and muſt have been a wonderful work for theſe little people) thoſe which are hung round the necks of ſquirrels in *Bleſcu*. Inſtantaneouſly appeared *the governor*, with his ſuite; I pulled off my hat incautiouſly, for down fell the governor and his train on their faces! I perceived my error, and thinking to amend my raſhneſs, uttered, in rather an animated tone, "*Fear not.*" Inſtead of the effect intended, *a battery* was diſcharged full on me; luckily, only one ball hit me, about the ſize of a moſs ſeed, but which, ſtriking my noſe, though it occaſioned a little pain, forced me to laugh aloud. The walls were inſtantly lined

lined with muſquetry; I then waved my hand gently; this anſwered better than my voice had done; they grounded their arms; a buz, like the humming of a ſwarm of bees, ſucceeded, and up roſe the governor and his attendants. I made ſignal for an amicable parley; it was granted. I requeſted,

"1ſt. A lodging in the great hall of the caſtle, while I ſtaid with them; and

"2dly. That I might, if poſſible, be provided with a carriage to convey me to the capital."

The governor *ſhook his head!* I thought I had aſked too much; recollecting myſelf, I again put my hand in my pocket, and produced *another piece of gold—the governor ſmiled!* I now perceived the centinel had ſpoken honeſtly, and that in Lilliput, as well as in Bieſeſcu, *gold* was the currency for convenience. I laid the two pieces on the tower of the caſtle, and withdrew to the great gate, bowing and courteouſly ſmiling all the way. I did right; ſlings were immediately brought, the money was lifted off the turret, and a dozen ſoldiers conveyed each away, with ſeeming tranſport. The gate, ſoon

after, opened, and I crawled into the court, where the garriſon were formed to receive me. I ſeated myſelf; my ear was then juſt one foot from the ground; this was an evidently pleaſing mark of ſuavity and condeſcenſion in me. The governor boldly approached, and, exalting his voice, ſaid,

"What we can we will for your convenience, provided you faithfully narrate why you viſit Lilliput; if amicably, welcome; for the ſtate is fond of power-promiſing allies."

I whiſpered (that I might not again ſhock him with my voice)—

"That I had fled from anarchy and *Bleſcu*; was rich, and, as he muſt obſerve, mighty; poſſeſſed of talents and ſtrength; and that if I could be conveyed to the capital by art, as I did not love walking, I would throw myſelf and all I poſſeſſed at the feet of his ſovereign."

He believed my aſſurances; the guards filed off, the hall-door was opened, and walking ſtatelily in himſelf, he beckoned me to follow.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

In continuation, with the Author's manner of travelling, and firſt Week's Journey towards the Capital.

THE reſident governor, whoſe name was *Tomazza Boſtanza*, was a well-made man, and full nine inches high without his ſhoes, ſo that by ſtanding on his chair of ſtate, and I ſeated, our ears were nearly on a level. We very ſoon became friends, and he promiſed me that he would give orders for a carriage to be built for my conveyance; and that the gold I had depoſited in the tower, ſhould be ſolely expended in furniſhing me with a table, during the time neceſſary for the apparatus being got ready for my departure, which would be ſome days, as they muſt diſmount, at leaſt, one of their batteries, to furniſh timber for my carriage; and ſcour the country for relays of bullocks to draw me. I offered him more money, but he would not take it, ſaying, "The

former ſums were ſimply depoſits in truſt, till he knew the pleaſure of *Magno Vilpi Tico*, the chief governor, and which would be duly returned me, if my ſervices were accepted; for that *the Lilliputians* always paid, inſtead of receiving from their allies." I could do no leſs than repeat my aſſurances of gratitude and ſincerity, and we parted; each ſeemingly well pleaſed with the other.

In about two hours my dinner was ſerved up, and a really ſumptuous regale it was; conſiſting of twelve delicately flavoured fiſh, ſomething leſs than minnows, two fine grown roaſted lambs, in a porcelain plate, and ſix large turkeys ſtewed in an elegant ſmall ſilver baſon; vegetables of all ſorts anſwerable, in little enamelled ſaucers. The fruits were delicious, and I obſerved (which ſhews horticulture muſt be in great perfection with them) a melon, nearly as large as a Bleſeſcudian current.

I was very hungry, yet reſtrained my appetite, leſt I ſhould create aſtoniſhment, ſo only eat the fiſh, one of the lambs, and three turkeys. The dinner over, deliciouſly flavoured wine was brought me; this was from the

the chief governor's ſtore, who muſt be, from the ſample I had, a perfect judge, if not a lover of the juice of the grape. I own I was here a little bold—I drank nine bottles (about a pint). I had no ſooner finiſhed my repaſt, and the table cleared, than, preceded by a band of muſic, re-entered the governor, leading his lady and family; I had pulled off my ſpectacles during dinner, but perceiving ladies enter, I haſtily roſe to pay my devoirs. On a ſudden there was a great buſtle, and the attendants flocked round the women; but Beſtanza, unmindful of them, ſeriouſly proceeded on to me, and inquired, "How I liked my fare?" I thanked him, "Well, and begged to know what was the occaſion of the ſeeming confuſion I had imperfectly ſeen?" He courtlily ſimpered, "Nothing! a mere trifle! only that two of the children, frightened at your riſing, had fallen into fits." I begged his pardon for the unintended accident, and reſeated myſelf; he deſired me not to think of it, for that as he meaned them for ſoldiers, they muſt learn, while young, to deſpiſe danger like himſelf. I thought on the cloſe

of

of his ſpeech; he looked hard on me, and creſted himſelf, as much as to ſay, "An't I a *brave fellow?*" Order being reſtored by the removal of the children, the ladies were preſented: I kiſſed their arms, and bowed; they courtſied; I clearly ſaw thought that they winced and drew back, as my mouth approached them. A ſpirited converſation enſued, in which they bore their parts till day cloſed, when they withdrew, and left me to repoſe.

Thus five days paſſed: On the ſixth, a meſſage from the governor, by a herald, informed me, all was ready for my departure, whenever I choſe to ſet forward; and that, at the time I ſhould name, he would, properly mounted and attended, eſcort me to the out-poſts of his conſtabulary. I named the following morning. On awaking at ſunriſe, the bells of the caſtle were tinkling like ſheep-bells at a diſtance, and the artillery going off by royal ſalutes, almoſt as loud as tolerable pop-guns. I looked into the yard, where my equipage was waiting with all the pomp and circumſtance of ambaſſadorial ſplendour. The carriage was about

about three feet two inches long, and two feet broad, placed on forty-eight wheels, four inches and a half high; to it were faſtened thirty bullocks, by pairs, (that is) fifteen in length; to each pair a driver; they were beautiful cattle, about the ſize of well-grown cats. I was ſo intent on my new ſtate, that the governor was within a foot of me before I ſaw him: He aſſiſted me to my carriage. I ſeated myſelf thereon as gracefully as I could; bowed to the ladies, and ſmiled on the hoſpitable, admiring, aſſembled croud; and unfurling my umbrella over my head, which added conſiderably to the effect of the cavalcade, I ſat off—the governor leading the way in full martial diſplay, amidſt the ſound of bells, of cannon, and ſhouts of the multitude: To compare a mouſe to an elephant, ſomething like the majeſtic Catharine's Ruſſian ſnowy trip from Moſcow to Peterſburgh.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

Obſervations on the Road.

IT was the laſt day of Auguſt that I ſat *off* from *Dopb'r*. The harveſt was begun, and general induſtry pervaded the face of the country. My ſpectacles and ſenſes informed me it was a productive and a rich one; but ſince my arrival in the capital, I have been told, by ſome who ought to know, (being the greateſt grain-holders) that it was a very bad one. Nothing particular occurred on the road, till I arrived at *Shrino-becketto*, the end of my firſt day's journey. *Here* I alſo halted, on purpoſe to view and contemplate a religious pile I had often heard of during my reſidence with *Rambellus*. It did not anſwer my expectation: I imagined I ſhould have found an eſtabliſhment equal to ſome I had ſeen in *Bleſeſcu*. I was diſappointed. I inquired for the reſidence of, and to be introduced to, the *ſuperior*. I was chagrined, on being told, they had not ſeen him a long while;

while; that the monks were aboliſhed; the chapels and ſhrine deſtitute of votariſts; and the trifling emoluments of this once gorgeous cathedral, a church coloſſus, were now diſtributed among a few mendicant almsmen, called (excepting the ſuperior) *Queerſtrums*, &c. who prayed for almoſt nothing, ſo of courſe ſeldom prayed; that *the ſuperior* was of the mendicant order himſelf, and begged about, ſomewhere in the neighbourhood of *Flabadubnna*.

Once more ſeated in my caravan, away I went, and in the courſe of the day arrived at *Chtmhaa*. *Here* they build ſhips of war. As I had heard much of the Lilliputian navy, I reſolved to viſit the docks and ſtores; and muſt own I was amply gratified. With ſome labour I took a *three-decker* on my knees, and was indulged with a review of their manœuvering their watery manſions and bulwarks, in which their abilities are beyond competition, and ſurpaſſing imagination. In ſhort, they ſeem to have no dread of that element; ſo that I ſhould really think they were primarily *nautilæ*; and ſtill further indulging a philoſophical hypotheſis, conclude, that,

that, from ſome volcanic emotion, this little iſland was raiſed above the face of the waters—that the aboriginals, by degrees, loſt their ſhelly coats, and, from being *natives* of the deep, became *only amphibious*. My equipage ready, on I drove for the metropolis—arrived there about ſeven in the evening, and found apartments, or rather, a ſtreet laid into one apartment, ready for me, near the court.

CHAP. VI.

Arrived at the Capital—Viſit from a Miniſter.

ARCHITECTURE muſt have been a ſcience earlily ſtudied by theſe minimæ of mankind, to have ariſen to ſuch perfection as my manſion fully illuſtrated.

I was lodged in the wideſt ſtreet of the ſuburbs, oppoſite to the reſidence of the royal guard; and though in a baby-houſe, compared with Blefeſcudian palaces, I had abſolutely elbow room. I ſlept like a traveller after a journey. My firſt buſineſs of the morning was to unlade myſelf. *My money*, conſiſting of nine hundred and ninety-eight broad pieces of gold, I ſtored by ſcores in piles againſt the walls of my apartment; before them I placed a pair of piſtols, with a bag of powder and bullets, I had carried in my belt and pockets, together with a broad ſword given me by the worthy *Mediocritas*—not forgetting to take care of my faithful preſervers, my *umbrella*, my *cork-jacket*,

though, at that time, unconſcious they would lead me to honour.

Thus, a perfect picture of Mammon, was I ſituated, when a viſitor was announced. I put on my ſpectacles; through their medium he appeared about five feet nine inches high. He was thin, pale, and of a countenance far from pleaſing; his noſe offended me; it ſeemed to have quarreled with his mouth and chin, and was looking to the forehead for protection; however, he ſmiled, waved a lady-like hand, and we ſeated. He then produced, and offered me, a letter: I read as follows:—

"To MAGNO-VILPI TICO.

"Noble Renommoc, *Doph'r.*

"On the 24th ult. arrived HERE, from "Blefeſcu, a powerful *drol*, as I take him "to be, from his worth *in gold*. As wealth "is the *ſummum* at *Flubnduhnna*, I have "done him honour, and forwarded him, in "a manner, that, I hope, will prove agree-"able to you, and convince him of the "grandeur of Lilliput. He left in the gar-"riſon two enormous ingots of gold; I beg

"you

" you to inform me what I am to do with " the ſmall remnant that will remain, after " the fees of office, due to you and us, are " ſatisfied.

" I reſt your faithful deputy,

" TOMAZZA BESTANZA."

How fully I was prepoſſeſſed with the juſtice of Lilliputian government, this letter explains, without comment. I returned the ſcrol, bowing as graciouſly as my manners inſtructed. Then thus he—

" You ſeek aſylum in Lilliput ?"

" I do."

" You have fled from Bleſeſcu ?"

" True !"

" *We* are at war with *Bleſeſcu.*"

" I know it !"

" *You* may be a ſpy."

" I am rich."

" Enough ! ! !"

He ſhook my hand—

" How do you mean to beſtow your wealth ?"

"I wiſh to do good to the ſtate I live in; yet reap the juſt advantages *due* from my abilities and talents."

"You ſhall be *a Drol!*"

"I beg pardon, *noble Renommee!* (for *ſuch* the letter has informed me is your deſcription) I am not qualified; I am a ſtudious man; I have no drollery about me."

He laughed, then—

"Excuse me! you are unacquainted with the idioms of our language: *A Drol* is not, as you ſuppoſe, *always* and *totally a buffoon*; but is *any man* of wealth (no matter whence his extraction) who *I* recommend to notice. I only take him with me to court—a ribbon of any indifferent colour, red, blue, yellow, or green, is thrown acroſs his ſhoulder, and away he goes, a *perfect Drol.* From thenceforward he may ſay, act, and do as he pleaſes; even run in debt, and ſet creditors at defiance—a kind of political adjective: But *intereſt*, *intereſt*, you know, always joins him to *me*, *the ſubſtantive.*"

"Sir, I comprehend; but fear *I am too unworthy.*"

"Say

"Say no more!—you are rich. I ſhall be glad to ſee you at the receipt of cuſtom. Adieu!"

We parted: If I had not felt, I ſhould have thought it impoſſible he could have had ſuch muſcular ſtrength; for though he only graſped my little finger, yet I felt the ſenſation for half a minute. He retired bowing; his eyes fixed alternately on me and the ſtored wall of my chamber.

CHAP. VII.

A little Ride in the Streets—Change, and another morning Viſitor

---

WISHING a breath of are, I ordered my equipage. Inſtead of my thirty bullocks, only ſix were harneſſed. I was angry: My valets ſhook their heads. "What may this mean? I want to go to the national depoſitory of wealth; I ſhall not get there to-day!" (A low bow)—"The Sovereign *only*, *here*, travels with eight oxen." I ſubmitted; and ſlowly on we went—reached my deſideratum—entered a circular veſtibule, and ſat down. Preſently up came to me a queer little fellow, and vociferated—

"Are you bull, or bear?"

I felt—I am aſhamed: How! I caught him between my finger and thumb—

"Neither bull, bear, lion, or tiger!"

I let him go—I was ſorry.

"Sir, (ſaid he) I beg your pardon; I thought

thought you might be come to raiſe the ſtocks."

I thought he was ſarcaſtic on my ſize, and ſeized him again—

" Reptile, If you are again impertinent, I'll raze your bank !"

He trembled in my fingers. I let him go—and he continued—

" I am broker for *Magno Vilpi Tico*, and I humbly thought you had inſtructions "—

" Inſtructions !—for what ?"

" Bubble !"

" Bubble !" (ſaid I) and repairing to my carriage, drove home, not comprehending his meaning.

I dined about ſeven, (as I thought, *evening)*; but *another morning viſitor* was announced. He was the reverſe of *Vilpi Tico*—rubicund, rude, and rough.

" *Blefeſcudian*, you are welcome; have you bought in to-day ?"

I did not underſtand him, ſo was ſilent.

" Damn it, (ſaid he) why did not you buy ?"

" What ?"

" *Stock*."

" What's

" What's that?"

" *Ideal wealth* for *gold*, but current *here*—gold is of no uſe!—*paper*! *paper credit*!—*ſtocks*!—*funds*!—I'll teach you!"

I bowed attention.

" All the wealth of *Blefeſcu's here*—all the wealth of *Dnallob*—all the wealth of *Aidni*—*all*, *all in paper*—gold's of no uſe—we *eat with paper*, *drink with paper*, *love*, *game*, *build*, *buy*, *ſell*—all with paper!"

" Sir, I ſhall require inſtruction."

" Enough; you ſhall—I'll ſend to you. Good *morning*."

Away he went with his " *good morning*,"—(8 o'clock). I called for light; ſhut my chamber, and took out one of *Rambellius's* manuſcripts, which I had never before opened, and read—

CONTEMPLATION ON ADELINE.

I.

" If thou wert virtuous as thou'rt fair,
" How rich a prize thoudst prove;
" To me no jewel half ſo rare,
" As thy unblemish'd love!

But

II.

" But—as it seems! * * * !
" * * * * * * *!
" * * * * * * *!
" * * * * * * *!

III.

" Perhaps, remov'd from this terrene,
" Some other world you'll grace;
" And perfect *there*, as *here*, be seen,
" In *form*, and *voice*, and face!

IV.

" If to that star my loosen'd soul
" Shou'd wing its last long flight—
" The essence, guiding its controul,
" Wou'd be thy charming light!

V.

" Then—if thou *there*, with *virtue* bless'd,
" Mayst own me just as *here*;
" I'll pray that Heav'n will doom my rest
" Eternal in *that sphere!*

As I concluded the laſt ſtanza, ſleep weighed down my lids; I fell into ſlumber, and dreamed. I thought I ſaw Adeline and Rambellius treading the ſtarry pavement. They ſmiled on me, and were about to ſpeak, when my attendants rouſed me, and announced a meſſenger from *Vilpi Tico*.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The Balance.

THIS visitor was no leſs a perſonage than *Nave Npnaee*. After the uſual ceremonies of congratulating me on my fortunate eſcape from Blefeſcu, he informed me, that he came immediately from Vilpi Tico, whoſe confidential ſecretary he was: That an account of the treaſure I had depoſited at *Dopb'r*, had been juſtly remitted to Vilpi Tico, who by him had ſent the ſame to convince me, without delay, of the juſtice and liberality practiſed in the Lilliputian Government.

THE ACCOUNT.

		Copars.
" Received—by 2 Blefescudian ingots, in Lilliputian currency		1152
	C.	
" Disbursed—Expences of the Drol's journey	24	
" Do. do. at *Dopb'r*	40	
" Fees to deputy governor	150	
" To bailiffs, subalterns, &c.	50	
" *Fees to chief governor*	885 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{7}{8}$	
Copars	1149 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{7}{8}$	1152
Due—balance	1 $\frac{1}{4}$ $\frac{1}{8}$	
Copars paid	1152	1152

By

By this account it appeared I had *two copars* to receive. He pulled out a purſe almoſt as long as himſelf, whereon was embroidered, "*Money received for fees—money to be allowed for overcharges.*" The *firſt end* appeared quite full, *the other* almoſt empty. I obſerved my two copars came out of the *empty* end. When he delivered them, he bowed very low, and long kept his hand extended, bending in a kind of ſupplicatory attitude. I had heard in *Blefuſcu* that miniſters' ſervants, *now and then*, took perquiſites; ſo that I might not appear ignorant of *good cuſtoms* and manners, I withdrew from my pocket the *two copars* again—popped them into his hand, and thus ſettled the value and return of, and from my two impounded ingots, whoſe remains *thus ſtood* at *nihil*.

Carefully placing my gift in the ſtuffed end of his purſe, Mr. Secretary began:

"It is my way always to be methodical: *Thus* our firſt buſineſs well concluded, and, as I hope, to mutual ſatisfaction, we will proceed. I am to inform you, that *Vilpi Tico* will eſteem your company, at the receipt of cuſtom, a favour. He is now in conſult with

with *Dunbeldaſhio* and others, on important matters, and wiſhes your advice therein. We can go in my carriage, now at your door."

"Sir!" (ſaid I).—He corrected himſelf—

"Excuſe me; but really I am ſo uſed to practiſe the offer I made you, as a little trap to inferiors, indicative of humility and courteſy, that I overlooked the impoſſibility." (Lifting up his eyes at me)—

"Vanity! vanity! all is vanity!"

"Pray be compoſed (I returned); it was a mere *lapſus linguæ*. Only let me know how far from hence I am to go, and I will be there before you; at the ſame time deem myſelf much honoured by the invitation."

He led me to the window, and ſhewed me the archway through which I was to paſs to the council-houſe. I then ſaw him to his carriage—returned to my chamber, a little to decorate myſelf—locked up my ſtores—ruminated on *my balance*! and ſet forward.

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Attends the Cou cil—Deſcription of ſome of the Members—Converſation—Conſultation—Propoſes Taxes—and Plan for reducing Proviſions.

I WAS ſoon there, and as ſoon admitted. *Vilpi Tico* advanced, and introduced me to the aſſembled junto, whoſe names he thus announced:

"The myſterious *Dralpont.*"

"The ſublime *Pekrub.*"

"The loquacious *Vile-grin.*"

"The rebel-hunter *Sevreſe.*"

AND

"The ductile *Eſor.*"

Beſides *theſe*, there were my friends *Dunheldaſhio* and *Nave-npnace.* They were ſitting at a table covered with green cloth, with numbers of papers before them. *Eſor* carefully cloſed the door, ſtopped the key-hole with his finger, and ſo ſtood during the

meeting. *Dralpent* beckoned me; I ſat me down on the floor cloſe to him; ſilence enſued. *Sevreſe* then came up, and, on a long ſlip of parchment, took notes of me from the crown to the toe. While this was doing, *Pekrub* put on an enormous pair of ſpectacles, and ſtood up, ſtaring me all the time full in the face: I ſhall never forget him; he appeared for all the world juſt like a darning-needle, with two collateral eyes to it. *Vilegrin* whiſpered *Etor*; but *Dunheldoſhio* and *Nave-npnaee* attentively, in ſilence, watched *Sevreſe's* countenance, who, having finiſhed his obſervations, ſpake—

"I have carefully run over the lines of this *foreign drol's* countenance, and, according to my approved *ariſtocraticilian rules*, he is neither *leveller*, or *ſpy*; even *I* find no fault with him."

Then cringing and bowing to each, he paſſed down the room, and made his exit!

"What may *this* mean?" thought I; but *patience!* He had hardly cleared the door, when, with open arms, *Pekrub* flew to me, and, Stentor-like, exclaimed—

"Oh

" Oh, most illustrious Blefescudian drol!
" Clear'd, thus fully clear'd of democratic suspect,
" Sleep in *my bosom!!*
" Oh, thou son of Gulliver! my dear friend
" Gulliver!
" Yes, we were friends! friends! friends indeed!
" In rant, and cant, sublime hyperbole."

" Pardon me, noble auditors, for this enthuſiaſtic burſt! ye know my tender nature!"

" Blefescudian, I have wept your woes!
" Blefescudian, I have written on your woes!
" Blefescudian, I have eat on—drank on!
" Blefescudian, I have slept on! and,
" Blefescudian, *am pensioned* for your woes!!!

Down he fell quite exhauſted. *Dunbeldaſhio* burſt out into laughter, and *Dralpont* bluſhed. The reſt ſeemed unmoved as at common converſation.

The voice of *Vilpi Tico* now drew my attention.

" I ſent for you, *Gulliver*, ſolicitous of your opinion and council; we want money, and our ſupplies muſt be ſo artificially created, that though the people ſenſibly feel, they may inſenſibly pay. Our ſtock of corn is

exhauſted nearly, and the mob are clamorous; yet *I*, and *one more*, will continue *war*; *war*, though multitudes are againſt it, muſt be continued." You, who have ſeen and known, in its days of luxury and riot, millions raiſed from chaff in *Blefeſcu*, adviſe *us* now, and accept both miniſterial power and influence."

"Noble renommoc," I replied, "it appears to me that the ſtate of Lilliput is overrun with wealth—its primary and principal fault; that *the taxes* are not half equal to your power of enforcing; that from the labourer to the merchant, the maſs have too much liberty; and that the *reſplendency*, *neceſſary elegance*, and caſe of ariſtocracy, is ſullied and debaſed by thoſe general errors. *National poverty*, *debt*, and *taxes*, can only render the maſs ſubmiſſive; mention, therefore, your requiſites, and as far as my ſhallow capacity can afford, I'll adminiſter propoſitions for the ſupplies."

"In few words then, 1ſt. Aliment made from corn muſt be ſparingly allowed at home, that the armies, fleets, and allies, may be plentifully ſerved.

"2dly.

" 2dly. Money muſt be had for the troops.

" 3dly. Money for the navy.

" 4thly. Money for allies.

" 5thly. Money for *us* !"

I conſidered for ſome time, repeating to myſelf the *wants* before mentioned; then thus replied—

" If the ſoldiers of Lilliput are to be confided in, I can ſuggeſt *requiſitions* which will amply furniſh your loan; but I have read, and underſtand that—"

Here he cut me ſhort, ſaying,

" The armies of Lilliput are not *now*, as at the time of your father's viſit to us, merely feathered, and muſqueted citizens, ſolely called out, and ſuppoſed to act for general defence againſt a *foreign foe*; *diſcipline*, *barracks*, and *private tuition*, have made them equal to your deſires; ſo point out the means, and I'll adopt."

I then propoſed—

" 1ſt. That inſtead of aliment made from corn, *filings of ſteel* ſhould be uſed for *farina*, mixed up with water, in which a certain quantity of *nitre*, *ſulphur*, and *charcoal* were diſſolved; this would be palatable

enough. But as, perhaps, the maſs might not at firſt like it, or be at the trouble of the experiment, the ſoldiers, on home ſervice, having little to do, might be employed in making it, baking in barracks, and delivering out a ſample or two, gratis, on their pikes.

" 2dly. A tax of ſeven hundred copars on the entrance door of every houſe, to which ſhould be affixed a padlock, to encloſe the owners from ſeven in the evening till ſunriſe; to be collected daily by armed watchmen appointed for that purpoſe. This tax would alſo operate to prevent tumultuous nightly meetings.

" 3dly. That as, from convenience and cuſtom, men hitherto have buttoned their coats before, in future they ſhould pay a tax of ſeven hundred copars each for ſo doing, or be compelled to button them behind.

" 4thly. That numbers of diſſipated people having tricks of whitening their heads, and cramming them with greaſe, they ſhould now uſe inſtead lamp-black and fiſh-blubber, or pay for the exemption ſeven hundred copars each.

" 5thly.

" 5thly. Fine weather. This tax, though uncertain in its produce, muſt raiſe an immenſe ſum, by levying one hundred copars on every one who ſhall leave the city in ſunſhine, to be received by toll-tickets at the gates of the metropolis."

I was convinced the above would, on computation, aggregate at leaſt one hundred and eighty million copars, and as they ſimply ſtruck at luxuries and frivolities, could not, except the change in corn aliment, be grumbled at; and even if it ſhould, I truſted, the method I had propoſed for the delivery of the ſample, and the padlocks mentioned in the firſt tax, would obviate all difficulties, and ſilence every murmur.

While ſpeaking, I put my plan on paper; he took it from me, carefully folded, and placed it in his boſom. The aſſembly roſe; each came up to me, and rapturouſly kiſſed the *hind lappet* of my coat *(they could reach no higher)*; then all went away excepting *Vilpi Tico*, *Pekrub*, and *Vile-grin*, who, as ſoon as we were together, burſt out as it were with one voice—

" You

" You muſt go with us to *Elſac Sinwrȯd*, and be preſented to *Log-Ereg*; order your equipage, in full diſplay, as when you ſat off from *Doph'r:* We'll attend you; be ready by ſun-riſe.

" Adieu!"

" Adieu!"

" Adieu!"

We then ſeparated; they, as I ſuppoſed, to their official duties; *I*, to my home—wondering at the paſt!

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Amuſement, and miſcellaneous Matter—Journey to Elſac Sinwrod—*Introduced—Finds* Log-Ereg *ſick—Attends Conſultation of the Phyſicians.*

ON reaching my manſion, I ordered for the morning's excurſion; and wiſhing a relaxation after the buſineſs of the day, determined to viſit ſome place of public amuſement. On inquiry, I found a celebrated tragedy and muſical piece were to be repreſented in the evening, with the ſtrength of all the capital performers at the New Theatre, which, for diſtinction's ſake, was named the King's Company. Thither I went. Six boxes were laid together for my reception, ſo that I was commodiouſly ſeated. Here my ſpectacles were truly of uſe; for without them I could not have diſtinguiſhed the performers. The houſe is ſo ridiculouſly large, compared againſt their pigmy organs and dimenſions—a reflection here ſtruck me, which

which I often found myſelf juſtified in bringing home to theſe diminutives—to wit, that their general ideas are far beyond their powers of execution. I heard as imperfectly as I ſhould, without artificial aid, have ſeen; for, excepting ſome rants in the tragedy, and full pieces and choruſſes of the farce, I might as well have been at a pantomime. However, I could not help making a few criticiſms. Before the curtain drew up, one half of the audience began clapping their hands, and hallooing; the other half made violent groans and hiſſes. I was ſimple enough to conclude this proceeded from the difference in opinion of the favourers of the ſeveral pieces about to be repreſented: That the groaners were the *tragedy admirers*, and the hallooers the lovers of *farce;* and the diſturbance a conflict for which ſhould be firſt brought on. I mentioned this to a little old man with one eye, who had introduced himſelf to me immediately on my entrance, and who I perceived (by a ſmall glittering badge he wore on his left breaſt) was a perſon of rank. He ſimpered, and thus put me right:

"This

" This is a political conteſt: *The clappers* are determined to have a tune adapted to their opinions—*the hiſſers* that they will not be inſulted by it. But the clappers will have it, as numbers are (gratis) ſent here by *Sevreſe*, nightly, for the ſole purpoſe of inſiſting on it."

As he ſaid, the tune was played; plaudits enſued; and up drew the curtain. The dreſſes and ſcenery were ſplendid and appropriate; yet, though the tragedy appeared very complex, (comprehending elementary ſtorms, battles, banquets, ſupernatural appearances, and murders; and, at times, great numbers came on, and went off the ſtage); I could only diſcover two performers who had any buſineſs in the drama. Varieties of paſſions agitated their countenances, and their action was exactly ſuited. I wiſh I could have heard them diſtinctly; for I have no doubt I ſhould have been completely gratified. As it was, I could only diſtinguiſh their voices were exactly toned alike; this I mentioned to my old neighbour, who told me—

" They were brother and ſiſter."

For

For the reſt, who, or what they were, or what was their reſpective intereſts in the ſcene, I know not—

> " They had neither action, or utterance, or
> " The power to ſtir mens' minds."

The tragedy concluded, the farce began. The principal or leading character ſeemed to be that of a romp or hoiden. It was, I confeſs, moſt admirably performed by a little female, with a remarkably loud voice and large mouth: In truth ſhe was ſuperlatively vulgar. My old friend ſeemed charmed with her; this I thought a good opportunity of obtaining ſome ſtage information, ſo thus addreſſed him:

" You ſeem much to admire the actreſs now ſpeaking."

" She is my intimate friend!"

" Bleſs me, Count!"—(for I had heard him titled by a fruit-woman, to whom he had been whiſpering).

" She is my intimate friend!" (he repeated) and that vulgarity you now admire her for ſo juſtly perſonifying, conſtitutes her

her private merits, and has raiſed her to the envied ſituation of miſtreſs, friend, and companion of *Arcelanc*, Log-Ereg's third ſon.

I was ſatisfied, I ſaid, nor liſtened more; I wiſhed the play over—grieving within myſelf, to find the vices of *old Blefeſcu* regenerated in *Lilliput*. The curtain fell, and my neighbour addreſſed *me*—

"How do you paſs your evening?"

"I ſhall return home to repoſe."

"Pho! (ſaid he) go with me; I'll introduce you to ſome choice ſpirits—men of genius, rank, faſhion, and ſplendour."

I thought I could not do better—conſented to accompany him: He led the way. I ſaw him into a ſuperb *vis-a-vis*, and ordered my equipage to follow.

From external appearances, he made good his promiſe. We were uſhered into a magnificent ſaloon.

The company conſiſted of about twenty perſons, of all ages, from twenty to extreme ſenectitude. They were at play. And much hurt that I could not contrive to throw a few mains, I told them, "It was always my cuſtom to do at Rome as Rome does; and

therefore, though I could not manage their box, (from its petiteneſs) ſo as to play with diſtinct fairneſs, yet I would bet." The groom porter gave me change for five ingots, and I ſat down to the table. The ſight of my three thouſand five hundred copars, (the amount of their currency, and which I placed before me), ſeemed to electrify the whole company with joy. I could ſee their eyes gliſten, and each was anxious for *my* wager. As my old chapron (whoſe name I now found to be *Ekud-Rat*) had informed me the aſſembly would conſiſt entirely of people of diſtinction, I much wondered at this deſire for my money; which wonder was not a little increaſed, on perceiving him enter the liſts, and become one of the moſt greedy. I began now to ſuſpect I was with ſharpers of faſhion; and correcting my *daſh*, betted cautiouſly. I ſoon found they diſcovered the alteration in my mode; and, in five minutes, inſtead of every mouth being opened at me, *I* could ſcarcely obtain a bet.

The company by degrees left the table—*all*, excepting *Ekud-Rat*, myſelf, and two others, who were called *Nadreſh* and

Calxlosſer.

Calxhosfer. In about an hour, 2000 of my copars were become the property of *Calxhosfer*, 1000 of old *Ekud-Rat*, and the remaining 500 of *Nadireſh*. *Ekud-Rat* obſerving the diſſemination of the coin, remarked, "*It was very late—time to retire*," and withdrew. I did ſo alſo, and left the other two to decide the ſuperiority of fortune together.

By the time I reached home, it was broad day; I therefore, inſtead of going to repoſe, dreſſed myſelf for my journey; and till the arrival of my ſtate friends, who were to accompany me to *Elſac-Sinwrod*, amuſed myſelf with taking notes of paſt occurrences, and rummaging my little bundle of manuſcripts. I came to one tied with narrow black ribbon; it was ſuperſcribed—

"*Found in Adeline's cell after her death.*"

I opened it; it contained numbers of poetic ſcraps, on different ſlips of paper. They were not paged, ſo I determined to read them in the order they were placed. The firſt conſiſted of the following ſtanzas:

I.

" My love was brave, was young, was gay,
" Won'd laugh and sing both night and day;
" He lov'd but me, with artless flame;
" My bosom glow'd, and own'd the same.
" We meant in holy bands—But now!
" Ah what avail'd our fruitless vow!

II.

" The morn was fix'd, we thought no wrong,
" I smil'd, and chear'd him with my song;
" With lightsome tread, then sought the shrine,
" His trembling hand fast lock'd in mine.
" We meant in holy bands—but now!
" Ah what avail'd our fruitless vow!

III.

" Opposing sires, appris'd, we found
" Enclosing ev'ry altar round;
" Our hands, by force disjoin'd—I fell—
" Such woes who feel can only tell.
" We meant in holy bands—but now!
" Ah what avail'd our fruitless vow!"

I now took up the second; the ink seemed discharged in part, as if tears had fallen on it. It consisted of this single stanza:

SECOND.

" Thus reft of all—no friend to cheer!
" List to my sighs, or wipe my tear!

" Who

" Who wou'd give a home to me!
" Lovelorn child of misery!
" Where cou'd I fly?"

THIRD.

The third contained the two following ſtanzas, which clearly proved to me I had now poſſeſſion of my ſad mother's hiſtory:

I.

Forc'd by a father's ſtern command,
To yield to hated age my hand,
Or take the myſtic veil—
Tell me, fond youth—O teach me how
To love thee ſtill, yet keep the vow,
Which ſoon theſe lips will ſeal!

II.

At morn, at noon, at veſper pray'r,
Thou, thou alone, ſhalt be my care;
To thee I'll pour the ſong,
Sacred, fervent, and ſincere;
And many a ſigh, and many a tear,
Each cadence ſhall prolong.

Pekrub, *Vile-Grin*, and *Vilpi Tico* now entered my apartments. I tied up my port folio, all but the packet I had begun peruſing, which I again ſecured with its narrow black ribbon, and placed carefully in my boſom. I made

my devoirs, and we propoſed to ſet forward.

I leaped on my car, then politely lifted up my companions, who were ſo terrified at the immenſe heighth they were from the ground, that I was compelled to mitigate their fears, and take them into perſonal protection: So, placing *Pekrub* and *Vile-Grin* on each knee, holding them carefully round the waiſt, and with *Vilpi Tico* ſeated between my thighs, Jehu-like, off we rattled, and in about three hours reached *Elſac-Sinwrod*. The attendants ſaid it rained ſmartly, but I could not perceive or feel it.

I own I was proud of my ſituation; (and ſurely, reader, if vanity ever was, it was in me, *at that time*, pardonable). View my ſituation!—The *protector*, *the ſupporter*, and *abſolute maſter* of the three great ſtate props of Lilliput!—What would many a Bleſeſcudian ſenator have given for my place?

Nothing material occurred on the road, ſave that, as we paſſed a common called *Wolfnou-Hhtea*, *Pekrub*, on beholding ſome gibbets (whereon I imagine malefactors had been expoſed) exclaimed,

" Oh

" Oh *Blefeſcu! Blefeſcu!*—Oh!"

Whether he uttered the ejaculation from dread for himſelf, or for the love of Blefeſcu; or that ſome of his friends had been or expected to be there, I know not; but I felt that he trembled on my knee.

Vile-Grin uttered not a ſyllable, till we were entering a town called *Korbloc*. It was market-day, and there were a prodigious quantity of hogs. The moment he heard their gruntings, he held his noſe, and ſcreamed out,

" Brutes!—ſwiniſh multitude!—beaſts!—ſwiniſh multitude!"

And ſo kept on till he had cleared the town. I thought, by this, (but delicacy kept me from inquiry) that he was probably of the Jewiſh perſuaſion.

Vilpi Tico and myſelf had all the converſation: It conſiſted merely in his aſking me, " How I had paſſed my evening?" which I recited, together with the manner of *Ekud-Rat* drawing me to the gaming-houſe, my loſing my money, &c. He laughed heartily, and prayed me to be cautious in future, ſaying,

" As for *Ekud-Rat*, he is an old turn-coat debauchee,

debauchee, saved, by rank only, from contempt: But *Nadiresh*, and *Calxhosfer* are two deep ones—*so* deep, that they are the only enemies I dread. *Calxhosfer* is adored by the populace, and, by way of distinction, called *Ebt-xam-fo-ebt-elpoep*. He hankers after my place, and sticks so close to my skirts, that I am sometimes almost frightened into quitting: But then *Nadiresh* would take *Vile-Grin's*, and *Pekrub* might lose his pension, and I be called to account for past matters; therefore, as my enemies, guard against them."

I thanked him for his useful intelligence—promised to avoid play, and be careful of "*the deep ones.*" We now reached *Elsac Sinwrod.*

We drove straight up to the great gate of the palace. Two soldiers carefully took down each of my companions, who walked *sans ceremonie* into the hall, I following.

We were instantly shewn to the *august presence.* He was seated on an ivory sopha, inlaid with gold, wrapped up in an Indian brocade; his head bound, and reclined on a pillow, voluptuously fringed with the finest oriental pearl. Indeed the whole apartment bore evidences

evidence of eaſtern magnificence, which I much wondered at, and never could account for, as this nation never had the leaſt intercourſe with *India*, its *European peculators*, or *murderers*.

Vilpi Tico advanced, and whiſpered ſomething in the royal ear, and I diſtinguiſhed,

"Hah! how! propoſed good taxes?—Good! good!—Like him—like him—Speak to him."

Vilpi Tico now advanced to me, and led me to make my bow, which I did, (of courſe low enough, being on preferment). I waited anxiouſly, expecting ſome queſtion of conſequence to be propoſed to me, and had prepared my tongue for a courtly reply; inſtead of which I only heard articulated—

"Sick, ſick, ſick—Got a blow, ſad blow, bad blow—blow on the head."

He then ſank on his embroidered bolſter, and ſeemed perfectly apathetic.

Three or four grave looking men, dreſſed in black, drew round, and ſhaking their heads, requeſted me to retire: We did ſo, into an antichamber, when the ſenior looking ſaid to me—

"Have

"Have phyſic or ſurgery made any part of your ſtudies?"

I replied, "Monaſtic education was general, therefore they formed part of my attentions."

"Here then (ſaid the ſecond) is the Sovereign's caſe reduced to paper. Conſider it well; and, when we meet together in the preſence to-morrow, give us your opinion."

They left me. I opened the ſcroll to peruſe it, but was interrupted by the entrance of the domeſtics of the bedchamber, who ſhewed me to an apartment fit for the Perſian Sophi.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

The Case—Prescribes Cure—Log-Ereg *receives*—*Rewarded, and placed near the Person*—*Visits the Farm*—*Improves it*—*Made Head of the Agricultural Society*—*Ball at Court*—*Victory*—*Rejoicings*—*Made a* Norab.

IN the course of three months, from an obscure individual in Blefescu, I was become an esteemed financier and physician in Lilliput. To say truth, I slept but a short time, delighting myself in idea with the honour I might arive at; and once had *the vanity* to think I might, at last, eclipse and supersede even *Vilpi Tico*. However, I checked that fallacious fancy; and, the sun breaking into my chamber, arose to study THE CASE the doctors had left with me. It was as follows:

THE CASE.

" As *Log-Ereg* was walking on the parapet of his castle, and musing on the contents of a packet received from *Envina*, he stumbled against a battering ram, and fell on a warpike,

pike, which had been incautiously left there by a sentinel. It pierced his head a little above the left ear, entered half through, and broke off, leaving full as much out, as within the skull. On being called in, we proposed extracting it: This he absolutely objected to. We, fearful lest a fatal hœmorrhage might ensue, desisted. We consider a perfect cure impossible, while the offending matter remains. The patient's situation is, by turns, from *fever*, to *torpor*, to *delirium*. The delirium (as if sympathetic from the cause) is a perpetual raving of *war*! *war*! *war*!—How farther to advise in this case, and promise perfect recovery, is not within our skill; therefore we subscribe our names for your assistance.

" *Abno.*
" *Mablta.*
" *Wishkan.*".

I had read of many strange and surprising cures in the philosophical transactions of Blesescu, such as " *men recovering, and being perfectly well, after losing their lungs*," &c. To such, the present case was a bagatelle, on the score

ſcore of danger. The principle I determined to act on was, to avoid either of two extremes, the one of which is almoſt always the unhappy patient's death warrant, *viz.* "The cold methodical fear of exerciſing reaſon and genius againſt formal practice, in the regular bred man of phyſic." The other, "The raſh adminiſtration of drug and inſtrument, without or reaſon, or genius, by the empiric." *I* determined boldly to unite the ſcience I poſſeſſed with invention; for, "as the patient had reſolved againſt extraction of the ſpear," it was clear to me, without going out of the common road, a cure could not be effected. I was certain that "the delirium" proceeded from the point of the weapon, pricking and irritating the ſenſorium every time he moved or reſpired. I deliberated—a thought, a fortunate idea ruſhed into my mind; I felt convinced I was right, and hurried to the preſence-chamber.

The doctors were already aſſembled; *I* advanced—the head was unbound, and the wounded parts tenderly examined. I told them—

"It was very eaſy, without extracting, ſo far to effect a cure, as that the pike ſhould not be troubleſome or dangerous during the patient's life, though he ſhould attain the age of Methuſelah."

They ſmiled ſarcaſtically. Wrapped up in confidence, *my vanity* urged me to ſay, rather above common tone,

"There *is not* occaſion for extraction."

In few words, they gave up the point, and it was left to me to perform my operations, *ad libitum*.

I proceeded.

The metal whereof the inſtrument was formed, was perfectly flexible. I only employed a ſmall hammer, mallet, and pincers; inſtead of drawing out, at one ſmart blow, I drove the ſpear clean through his head, ſo far, that about half an inch was prominent at either ſide; then, with my pincers, I bent both extremities in form of a hook, and, with my mallet and hammer, rivetted them cloſe to the ſkull, immoveable.

At the firſt blow, the doctors ſhrieked and turned their backs; and all the attendants fled in conſternation, thinking I had murdered

dered their master, excepting one old crabbed looking man, who carefully watched my movements. My patient, in a few minutes, shook his ears, jumped up, and cried out with extacy—

"Well! well! quite well! Great doctor! good doctor! fine doctor! great financier! Know farming too? See my farm! manage my farm!"

I bowed, and begged him to keep himself, for some time, quiet. He complied; and I, putting up my instruments very methodically, retired—the old man, I have before mentioned, following me.

As soon as we were alone, a tear, which he was ashamed to let drop in public, lest it should mingle with those of hypocrisy, fell on the floor; he embraced me, and with honest fervour exclaimed—

"By * * *, you are a brave fellow! you have saved my dear master! you have saved Lilliput! and I'll serve you. I'll never forget you; by * * *, I wont."

Reader, I must here digress to shew in the treatment this old man once experienced,

that *ingratitude* is a weed, natural to the ſoil of every court, from *Lilliput* to *Brobdignag*.

His name was *Whol-tru*.

Sometime before my arrival in *Lilliput*, *Log-Ereg* had been very ill, ſo ill, that his life was deſpaired of; and different factions contended to diſplace him from royalty, and appoint a regency in his ſtead. Each pulled as intereſt led; ſome were for nominating the heir-apparent; others, for the queen conſort. This old man, loyally, wiſely, immoveably, ſtood alone, well knowing,

"There's but a little ſpace
"Between the priſon, and the grave of princes."

And would not ſuffer innovation. *Log-Ereg* recovered, and retained his crown.

As is natural to ſuppoſe, *Whol-tru* was now the firſt man in the cabinet. However, not to be prolix, he chanced to differ in opinion with *Vilpi Tico*, about deſtroying a ſwarm of lice and caterpillars that infeſted the country. Each perſevered; and *Log-Ereg's* mind having been poiſoned againſt his preſerver, not only preferred *Vilpi Tico's* mode, but gave *Whol-*

tru

tru to underſtand, he muſt conſider his opinions, in future, as only ſecondary to the new favourite, and his favoured ſyſtem. Conſcious of his rectitude, the juſt pride of ſuch a poſſeſſion, impelled *Whol-tru* to throw up the important poſts he held; he retired in diſguſt, and, as the author of this anecdote informed me, never returned to court, till a ſecond illneſs threatened his maſter's life. Then, forgetting the paſt, he again ſhone forth—

"A precious jewel in a rugged caſe."

The perfect recovery I had completed was now announced. I enquired for my friend *Whol-tru*. He was gone: Satisfied that his duty was performed, he retired to learned leiſure, and I never more ſaw him, till near my departure from Lilliput; though, whether he remembered me or not, will be ſeen hereafter.

I was now ſummoned to a private audience. As I paſſed along I could ſcarcely avoid treading on the crouds that were crouching round me; and, but for my ſpectacles, certainly ſhould have *ex*tinguiſhed ſeveral *diſ*-

tinguiſhed perſonages. Among others, three *drols*, who were very anxious for preferment, jumped on the fore-leathers of my ſhoes, and were abſolutely bold enough to climb up my legs; their names were, *Oro-Bluff*, *Truc-on Wo*, *Chieters-Fled*.

I ſhould not have perceived them but for a ludicrous circumſtance; my ſmall-clothes were open at the knees, and *Oro-Bluff*, in ſcrambling up to be firſt at my ears, abſolutely miſtook his way, and found a paſſage into the ſeat of my breeches. A tickling obliged me to put my hand there, when, out I drew the great little man! After a hearty laugh, he was well ſatisfied; and aſſured me, ſince he had firſt gained my ear, he was fully recompenced for the diſgrace of groping in the dark. The others were both purſuing his route; decency prevented my ſuffering it; ſo I gently put them on the ground, and pacified them with promiſes. They kiſſed my ſhoe-latchets, and walked off contentedly.

Arrived at the cabinet-door—the firſt object that ſtruck my attention was, my old examiner, *rebel-hunter Sevreſe*, ſitting on a little black

black ſtool; in one hand a key, in the other an alarm bell: He knew me, ſo without ringing or inquiry, opened the portal of the ſanctuarium.

I ſubmiſſively aſked of his health; he ſaid,

"Never better; ſlept well—dreamed of a victory."

I was fearful the delirium was not quite removed, but ſoon diſcovered no other ſentiment filled his mind than that I found him originally impreſſed with, and that, *ſick* or well, "*war*" was his ruling paſſion.

Before him lay two ſheep-ſkins; he rolled them up, and put them into my hand, ſaying,

"Read, read, reward, honour, honour the phyſician."

And ſmiled.

I did as he bade me: *The firſt* was my ordination to the rank of *norab*; the title, *Glulplew*; which, Blefeſcudianized, ſignifies *Plug-well*—alluding, as I ſuppoſed, to the ſervice I had rendered him.

The ſecond was the grant of a penſion of five thouſand copars on another iſland he governed.

I was

I was satisfied with the first distinction, and took the liberty of thus remonstrating to the second:

"That I did not desire it; and that as a stranger, and a man who had done no service in *that island*, I had no right to accept or demand it."

"Pho, pho!" said he, "take it, take it; only use I make of that country—tax 'em, tax 'em every year, to pay places and pensions—proud, proud set, forced to keep 'em poor."

I submitted, pocketed my pension, and thenceforward ranked as *Norab Glulplew*.

As soon as I had impocketed the gifts, he waved me to sit by him, saying,

"*Cousin*, what is your opinion of my persevering in this war, and of war in general?"

"Sir," said I, "the laws of war, that restrain the exercise of national rapine and murder, are founded on two principles of substantial interest:

"1st. The knowledge of the permanent benefits which may be obtained by *a moderate use of conquest*. And,

"2dly.

" 2dly. *A juſt apprehenſion leſt the deſolation which we inflict on the enemies country, may be retaliated on our own.*"

" *Good tax-maker, couſin; good doctor; bad politician,* bad as old *Whol-tru.* Knowing in agriculture? *come,* wont talk of war; go to my farm—come, go."

I perceived *my* ideas *on war,* accorded not with *his.* He led the way, and we viſited

THE FARM.

The hoards of grain were aſtoniſhing, and muſt have been the produce of many years; but the poor cattle that ſtood round hankering after the ſtacked hay ſhocked me; they were ſo meagre, and ſeemingly exhauſted by labour and want of food. Yet, and which hurt me moſt, I perceived ſeveral women attempting to draw milk from the dry kine, into little pails like thimbles, decorated with the royal inſignia. We went next into *a barn,* where, inſtead of thraſhing the corn as in Blefeſcu, many naked wretches were picking the grains out ſingly from the ears; this, I learned, was to prevent both waſte and

and purloining. The ſtock viewed, we paſſed over ſome fields; I obſerved—

"The ſoil was naturally good, but required dreſſing."

"Know that, couſin; know that—coſts money! manure coſts money; got a great family; can't afford it: But I ſee you don't underſtand farming."

I did ſee, and very clearly too, that as in my ſentiments *on war*, ſo, *on farming*, I had ſpoken too freely for a courtier, and drew in my horns; adding,

"That if his highneſs would commit the trial to me, I made no doubt, I could conſiderably improve the land, without any expence to him."

"Take it, take it," was his reply; "make good your word—give you *Craſſus's* place; put you at the head of my agricultural ſociety."

I engaged for the taſk, and we returned. On our way back, ere we reached the palace, I heard the cannon firing, the bells ringing, and preſently, out of breath with running, up came *Vilpi Tico*, *Vile-Grin*, and *Pekrub*.

Vilpi

Vilpi Tico preſented a packet; we altogether entered the caſtle, and I had the honour of being preſent at the reading the diſpatches.

The Contents.

" NOBLE DROL,

" I have the pleaſure and honour to ac-
" quaint you, that as I was cruizing on the
" 31ſt ult. in lat. 30. l. 40. I diſcovered
" land to the ſouthward; which, by the
" charts I fortunately had with me, I found
" to be the iſland *Rockica*. I called a coun-
" cil of war; at which it was determined,
" we ſhould immediately attempt the con-
" queſt. Accordingly, we prepared for bom-
" barding; threw the ſhips as cloſe to land
" as the ſhore would permit; and for two
" whole glaſſes fired without intermiſſion,
" both ſhells, bombs, cannon, patereroes,
" piſtols—in ſhort, we fired away all our
" ammunition. Yet ſuch was the cool in-
" trepid conduct of our antagoniſt, that
" though we diſtinctly heard tremendous
" falls of ſtone repeatedly after our firing,
" not a ſhot was returned. Panting for
" glory, we reſolved to force them to de-

" fence

" fence, or surrender; we manned all our " boats, and sword in hand (favoured by a " charming fog) we marched up to the walls " of the very city, (as we then supposed.) " Fortunately for his majesty's glory and " service, and for the safety, thus preserved, " of many brave fellows, the city walls were " rocks, the native barriers of the island. " We climbed them dauntlessly, and found " every thing as we could wish—perfectly " peaceable and quiet; not a human soul to " be seen, or the smallest vestige either of " the animal or vegetable kingdoms.

" I trust you will conclude I lose no time " in securing possession of this immense and " valuable conquest. I further deem my- " self singularly happy in the trifling loss " we have sustained, which I subjoin here- " unto, though adding so splendid a gem to " the territorial grandeur of *Lilliput*. I " must beg leave to mention the very gallant " conduct of my Lieutenant *Eggro Gul-peo-* " *plo*, who, in a brave effusion of loyalty, " at one stroke killed Tomazza Talko, for " seditiously saying, 'The island was not " worth powder and shot.' Also the conduct

" of

" of a young midſhipman, named *Clereyo*;
" he being the firſt who diſcovered the
" rocks to be the only opponents to our
" progreſs.

" I have the honour, &c. &c.

" BANG-FRANCO.

" KILLED,

" As before mentioned—Tomazza Talko.

" WOUNDED,

" Eeggro *Gul-peoplo*; bit on the forefinger
" by a rat, into whoſe hole he had thruſt
" his hand in *ſearch of honey*."

The diſpatches read, up jumped *Log-Ereg*, ſaying—

" There *couſins!* there's war for you! there's an iſland! there's a conqueſt! there's a kingdom! No rebels in it, no rebels—worth having—no grumblers. But, come; go Vile-Grin, go; tell *Remdor-Ectrol*, we'll have a *ball*, a *dance*, a *feaſt* to-night—lights, guns, muſic, drums—go, Vile-Grin, go."

Then putting the manuſcript cloſe to his eye, out he went; I, and the other attendants following.

THE BALL.

By the time I had dined, it was time to dreſs for the gala. I might as well have ſtaid away; being obliged, from the etiquette of *full dreſs*, to decline the uſe of my ſpectacles. The company were all aſſembled when I entered; the floor glittered to my optics, juſt like a bank ſpangled with glow-worms; and they were confuſedly moving about, like emmets when their neſt is diſturbed. Being unable, from the circumſtance of not having my glaſſes, to mix with them conveniently, I withdrew to a corner of the hall and ſat me down, to ſcrutinize and remark what my eyes would permit. I could ſee the boards were painted curiouſly, with flowers in chalks, and at great expence, from the ſtyle of the finiſhing; and could further diſcover the principal action of thoſe who were moving about, was to ſcuffle them out with their feet. As my eyes were attentively fixed

fixed on the ground, something glittering came towards me—I laid my hand down flat, palm upwards, and it stepped into it. I held it to my face, and was struck of a heap at my conduct—it was no less than the *Peffrinc-fo-Kyro*! a good little woman as ever lived; but so small, that the diamond blaze she wore totally eclipsed her person—till, so discovered, I put her down as delicately as I could, apologized, and she smiled, saying,

"Pray dont think of it *Norab Gluiplew*; you know I come from the country of *Bravados*, and at my father's court, fear is said to be unknown."

So courtesying, off she went. Fearful of more mistakes, for want of my useful lunettes, I made my bow of depart, and retired to rest.

CHAP. XII.

Goes a Hunting—Gets into the Queen's good Graces—Overtures made to him by an old Woman—Plan laid to disgrace him—Pays Attention to a young One—Sued for Crim. Con.—Counsellors—Gets his Cause—Hates Law—sweats his Purse.

PHILOSOPHERS of all ages have denominated temperance, a virtue.—In the palace of Lilliput, it was carried to the *ne plus ultra* of perfection. Nothwithstanding the jollity of the evening, by sun-rise, the court-yard was full of hounds, of huntsmen, and the attendant courtiers, who had been honoured by invitation to the sport. I, among the rest, made my appearance; but as no horse could be found strong enough to carry me, I was obliged to walk—no great hardship, as I could traverse the whole forest in about forty Blefescudian minutes. I was honoured singularly, being entrusted to lift Log-Ereg on his steed; they then all galloped off

off. I followed ſlowly, taking great care not to get before the dogs, leſt I ſhould firſt rouſe the game and ſpoil the ſport. That I might not do ſo, I turned down a long ſtrait walk that led to the top of a very pretty hill, from whence there was a delighful view of *Elſac-Sinwrod*. On the ſummit I found two men waiting with a covered cart; I inquired, "What was in it?" They told me, "*The ſport of the day.*" I thought they jeered me, ſo looked within, and ſure enough it contained a fine ſtag. I now civilly aſked, "If they had ſpoken the truth; or what they kept that poor brute caged for?" "Why, maſter, we always catch him up, out of the encloſure where he is kept, every night before Log-Ereg hunts. This ſtag is a great favourite; why he has been tormented ſcores of times, and will be many more. I dare ſay he'll ſoon give the dogs a ſlip, and we ſhall find him again ſafe enough, in ſome old barn or other."

While they were ſpeaking the horns and hounds were heard at a diſtance—they opened the door of the cart, and away, pall-mall, ſcampered the deer. "Ho!" thought I,

"*this* is Lilliputian hunting—ſport! ſport for the mighty man of Lilliput." It was the firſt trifling thing I had witneſſed in the country; and being againſt my taſte, I again walked down to the entrance of the foreſt, threw my hat on the graſs, and laid myſelf under the ſhade of a clump of oaks. Something preſently pattered by me; looking round, I ſaw the poor diſtreſſed ſtag—my hat was in his way; he attempted to clear it with a ſpring, and fell into the crown: I gently put the lappet of my coat over it, till I could get at one of my ſhoe-ſtrings to halter him with, which I ſoon did, and thus mercifully preſerved him, for ſome *other* days' innocent amuſement. Up came the hunt, *Log-Ereg*, and all, pleaſed with their ſport; *Log-Ereg* moſt, who exclaimed—

"Fine chace, fine chaſe! But got away as uſual—*have him again*!"

I well knew what *that* meant by the countrymen's information; ſo ſitting up, and politely holding my hat, with its contents, I aſtoniſhed the aſſembly. Laugh and jeſt went round, all huzza'd, were highly entertained, and I was entreated, if not too labourious,

to

to carry the ſtag in my arms to the palace, that the female part of the royal family might be amuſed with the ſight, and recital of my dexterity. I complied: The horns ſounded, as if for the death; *I* marched firſt, carrying the ſtag by the horns; the dogs were whipped back; and horſemen and all, in grand nimrodical diſplay, entered the court we departed from.

The queen and female royal family were out to receive us. I held the game at arm's length in one hand, and with the other lifted Log-Ereg off his ſteed, who inſtantly preſented me to his gracious conſort.

If the nod and caſual ſimper of a king pleaſed me, what ecſtacies muſt I have felt at *her majeſty's* ſmile of approbation, which extended from ear to ear; and *who*, on my being ſolicited by many to narrate my manner of taking the deer, &c. moſt affably ſaid—

"No, no, not now; I ſhall have a ſelect party this evening, and I beg Norab Glulplew will be of the company."

I bowed aſſent.

Arrived

Arrived at my apartments, my valets informed me, an old lady was waiting; having been entirely abſtracted from female *private* ſociety (the reader can eaſily gueſs why) ſince my arrival in Lilliput, I was at a loſs to conjecture the occaſion of ſuch a viſit I haſtened to her; ſhe waved all ceremony, and thus introduced herſelf—

"*Norab Glulplew*, you *muſt* know me!"

"Forgive me, madam; but really the ſimilitudes in the Lilliputian ladies, that *general equal mixture of pure red and white in their faces*, confounds me ſo, that *I often miſtake one for the other*."

"Ho! ho!" ſhe replied, rather coarſely, "not know me! not know *old Berlengwelſen!* ho! ho! there's not a ſcraper, a lick-ſpittle about the court in want of a place, from one to a thouſand copirs a year, who does not know *me*—*all* come to me—all *muſt* come; elſe no place, no penſion, no ſecret favourable whiſper, till they *toucha me*."

Her manner evinced ſhe wanted me to *toucha* her—but, as I wanted nothing, I would not underſtand her, ſo only ſaid,

"Indeed

" Indeed, madam!" and heſitated.

She, as keen ſighted, ſaw the fineſſe, and cocking up her noſe, walked off in a huff; ſaying, as ſhe parted—

" Perhaps the time is not far diſtant, when *Norab Glulplew* may know the uſe of *toucha old Berlengwelſen.*"

Candid reader, didſt thou perceive any thing in my conduct at the ball, which could ſubject me to cenſure? Wait with patience but a little, and the wickedneſs of this old bargain-hunter, ſhall appear. And oh, all ye, who tread the glaſſy poliſhed floors of courts, remember, from the example I ſhall place before your eyes, how ſlippery the footing that ye move on, and how ſtrongly ſcandal is reflected from it. But of this no more at preſent.

To proceed: At the private party all the females of royal birth, and many ladies were aſſembled; I ſaw even my old viſitor *Berlengwelſen*, whoſe head was pierced juſt above the back of her majeſty's chair. Among the men, I ſaw alſo my ſuitors, *Oro Bluff*, *Truc-on Wo*, and *Chieters-Fled*. At requeſt, I recited my manner of taking the deer—

which

which gave general ſatisfaction. Converſation now grew general; the *Peſſrinc-ſo-Kyro* ſingled me out for a chat; proud of the honour, I leaned very low to accommodate her, and ſhe began—

"Pray *Norab*, what opinion had the Blefecudians (at the time of your eſcape) of the peace my father condeſcended to give them?"

"Firſtly, madam, that he preferred pocketing the money for his own uſe, which the Lilliputians improvidently had ſent him for the exigencies of war. And ſecondly, that he was fearful of his own people's inſurgency, had he continued it."

"Pray Norab, I expect a candid anſwer, did not the daring conduct and *unprecedented* bravery of *Ecnirp-ſo-Kyro*, aſtoniſh and intimidate the enemy?"

"I dare ſay, madam, it would, if they had ever heard of it."

"Heard of it, Norab!"

"You ſaid, madam, *you expected a candid anſwer*. I believe they are ſo ignorant of his proweſs, as never to have ſeen his face in battle; and he ſo fortunate, as never to have

ſeen

ſeen *the giving* or *receiving* an enemy's fire or wound."

"Ah! ſlander—ha!"

So ſaying, ſhe abruptly left me; and I could obſerve ſevere diſpleaſure on her brow, for ſhe had drawn within an inch of my noſe to queſtion me. I was ſurpriſed, but much more at ſeeing *old Berlengwelſen* make up to me, and with a malicious ſneer, utter—

"You *now know old Berlengwelſen!*"

And immediately walked off. I did not underſtand her; but got up, to get rid of the cramp, which the contracted attitude (I had thrown myſelf into to talk to *Peſſrinc ſe-Kyro)* had occaſioned in my neck. I joined the company. Nothing material occurred during the evening, except that, instead of mixing with the general group, or amuſing themſelves with cards or dancing—*Oro-Bluff*, *Truc-en Wo*, and *Ckicte-s-Fled*, together with *old Berlengwelſen*, formed a party quarré of cloſe converſation; and if any one attempted to join them, moved to another part of the room. My eyes told me reſt was neceſſary: I retired.—

"Suſſi-

"Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

While at my breakfaſt, *Chieters-Fled* was announced: He held in one hand a piece of ſkin, with a red ſeal at the end of it—in the other, a piece of written paper; which preſenting, he ſaid—

"*This* is a copy of the original proceſs, which I here ſhew you (holding up the red-ſealed ſkin) iſſued againſt you. As a ſtranger to the laws of Lilliput, I adviſe you to apply to counſel immediately."

"Noble drol," ſaid I, "I am ignorant of any fault or error."

"I was deſired," he replied, "by *Gro-Bluff*, to deliver you *this*. I know no more. Adieu!"

Away he went. I peruſed the ſcrol a dozen times, but could not make any thing of it; I only underſtood ſomething at the concluſion, of "*appearing in eight days.*"

I wondered what it meant? what it could be about? what cenſure I had fallen under? To be ſure, I did not dread the conſequences, for had I been diſpoſed to oppoſition or violence, I was a hoſt within myſelf; I could

I could have pocketed all the judges of the land, and by ſquatting on my breech, have exterminated every juriſprudential promulgator of Lilliput. But as I had accepted title and profit, and ranked a ſubject of that little realm, I conſidered myſelf bound, by every moral tie, to pay due reſpect and ſubmiſſion to its laws. I therefore inquired for the ableſt counſel, and was recommended to *Eniſker*. I wrote to him, requeſting his attendance; which done, I followed the avocations of my day as uſual. I expected ſome one or other would have mentioned the circumſtance *to me*, but no notice was taken; every thing was pleaſant as heretofore—all ſmiles, bows, and careſſes. Indeed I thought *Log-Ereg* more affable than ever, for he put me in mind of my promiſe of "*improving his farm.*"

About noon, the next day, Eniſker was announced: Without ceremony he *thus* entered on the buſineſs—

"Norab, I have conſidered your caſe, and I am afraid we muſt (though its hard on us) admit *their* evidence, and reſt *our* defence

and *chance of a verdict* on *other* grounds, which *I* will ſuggeſt."

"Learned ſir," ſaid I, "you *have conſidered my caſe!* how can that be? *I* know it not myſelf! *I* am ignorant of the charge againſt me!"

"Very likely; the Lilliputians poſſeſs præſcience in the higheſt degree, and always know more of their neighbours' affairs than of their own. But *this matter of your's* has been the ſubject of a fortnight's converſation (as likely to happen)—ſpies have been planted over your every motion; and, I doubt!—But we muſt make the beſt on't. Meet me in the hall of juſtice, in *Hubnduhna*, on the morning after next, and we'll do what we can. Adieu!"

"Pray, worthy counſellor, may I entreat to know the nature of my offence?"

"Oh, pho!' ſaid he, "did not I tell you?—(it's of no moment though) but as you wiſh it, *it's for crim. con. with Peſſrinc-fo-Kyro.* Adieu!"

Away he went; and ſo did I, to a ſolitary walk—amazed, confuſed. "*Crim. con.*" I repeated,

repeated, "*crim. con.*" ridiculous! impoſſible! However, the laws ſhall not by me, be even ſuppoſedly infringed, without my ſubmitting to, and undergoing as ſtrict a ſcrutiny, as the ſmalleſt mite of Lilliput. Notwithſtanding my conſcious innocence, the imputation made me aſhamed of facing the court, till I was exculpated; and I had reſolved to return and ſhut myſelf up in my apartment, when *Chieters-Fled* walked up to me, and ſaid,

"*Glulplew*, I give you joy; you have acted wiſely: I underſtand you have retained *Eniſker*, and mean to plead guilty. Never fear, he'll bring you off—he'll touch up the paſſions—dead hand at *crim. con.*"

I ſtopped him ſhort, rather angrily, ſaying—

"I truſt, *drol*, my innocence wants not the gloſs of falſe rhetoric; and I ſhall inconteſtibly prove myſelf above the villainous breach of honour and hoſpitality, which malice has attributed to me."

"I ſincerely wiſh, *norab*, for the honour of our rank, you may. But how? how will you counterpoiſe the evidence of *Berlengwel-*

ſen, as to *the attitudes you were diſcovered in, and the ſcreams of Peſſrinc, ſo-Kyro?*—circumſtantial! Though I'm your friend, egad, the *circumſtantial* is ſtrong againſt you; and in *theſe caſes*, you have a bad chance—your judge is a very *Scipio*. The moment you ſee him, you'll know he never could love in his life; ſo be guarded—uſe all your artillery of defence. But come, the morning wears, let's to the levee."

"Excuſe me, compeer; while I am under the imputation of ſuch flagrant vice, I am diſqualified from adviſing the monarch of Lilliput. No! patiently will I wait in ſolitude the event, and then—"

"What monſtrous affectation!"

"All that I can ſay is, ſimply, that you and I differ widely in ſentiment; yet, before we part, know that *the attitude* I was in, were to accommodate the *peſſrinc*; and *her ſcream*, for ſhe ſcreamed but once, was occaſioned by—"

"Hold, hold, pray ſay no more! I may be called on, *forced* to give evidence againſt you and *this* confeſſion, *unextorted*! For heaven's ſake make the beſt on't—*ſave the lady*—

lady—honour demands *that*; and take all the blame on yourſelf. At moſt 'twill not exceed a fine of ten thouſand copars. Sorry for you; very ſorry. Adieu! Good morning."

I was glad to be rid of him, ſo followed my original intention; returned to my apartments in the caſtle, took my dinner alone, ordered my equipage, and ſat off for Fluhnduhna.

THE TRIALS.

"The *charge* was prepar'd! the lawyers were met!
"The judges all rang'd!—a terrible ſhew!"

About nine in the morning the firſt cauſe was called on; it was for the ſame offence as that wherewith *I* was charged. The names of the parties were *Ardwho* againſt *Mahgnib*. *Eniſker* was employed for *Mahgnib*. His guilt was acknowledged; and it was ſo manifeſt, that I put him down in my mind for the penalty of ten thouſand copars, mentioned by my friend *Cbieters-Fled*. But now *Eniſker* roſe; he began.—His peroration ſhewed, in the moſt vivid colours, the flagrancy of

the crime his client had been guilty of. I trembled for him; and applauded, from my inmoſt ſoul, the honour of the advocate, who thus, in virtue's cauſe, rendered up a villain he had been retained to defend, a proper ſacrifice to juſtice. But, oh! how deceived! with ſubtilty of logic—with the eloquence of Cicero, and fire of Demoſthenes, he ſoon aſſailed the injured huſband; and with digreſſion, *truly poetic*, on *beauty*, *health*, and *joy*, and *luxury* of *uncontrouled love*—all which, he contended, the lady had a right to enjoy, as fully as if ſhe had been an inhabitant of the once ſacred, afterwards voluptuous, groves of Daphne. He ſo tickled the ears of the auditors, and ſo agreably deluded them with ſpecious oratory, that the huſband's caſe ſeemed to be little more conſidered, than as debarring the vigorous youth from *his* adulterous miſtreſs—*her*, from her approved gallant.

A fine of one thouſand copars only was the puniſhment. And *Eniſker* was congratulated on his triumphant reduction of expected damages.

The

The second cause was a prosecution against a poor, forlorn, ragged wretch, whose very appearance would have drawn—

"The iron tear down Pluto's face."

Sickness had prevented him from labour; and the tears of starving infants compelled him, against inclination, to allay their momentary piercing cries, by committing a robbery of twenty-one copars. It was proved against him: He bowed his head in the agonies, the complicated agonies of shame, remorse, and parental feeling, of subjugated man, to the punishment pronounced against him—

"Perpetual banishment, from home, from wife, from children!"

I could not help ejaculating—

"Fortune, kind fortune! travel with thee, *thou* hardly-dealt-by victim of justice! And if not in this world, may some propitious star receive and restore thee to those thou lovedst and sufferest for."

The third cause appeared to me of great magnitude. A merchant, having occasion to leave Lilliput on affairs of consequence, entrusted

truſted a friend and neighbour to receive ſuch of his outſtanding debts as ſhould (during his abſence) come to hand. He did ſo; and in gaming, and other follies, diſſipated all. Theſe facts were alſo fully proved. According to the rigourous ſentence paſſed on the laſt unhappy delinquent, I thought that death, without doubt, would be the preſent culprit's lot: But, it was determined to be only a breach of truſt. The folly of the unſuſpecting deluded, who was left to his action of debt for repriſal againſt a pauper, and might mourn in priſon, with his ruined family, the fatality of truſting (without redreſs) a robber, the moſt deteſtable of ſociety.

Now came on my cauſe. I drew cloſe to *Eniſker*, whoſe pleadings of the day lay all before him. The counſel for the plaintiff roſe: He told the court the moſt dreadful tale of treacherous ſeduction conceivable; and declared, *I* was the hero, againſt whom he demanded reſtitution moſt ample, even beyond the forfeiture of my whole perſonal fortune—ſome characteriſtic ſtigma, whereby all, who in future ſhould ſee me, might know and remember, no man, let his *magnitude* be what

it

it might, was above the reach of the law; and that although the ſplendid talents of his worthy friend *Eniſker* had moderated the penalty in *Mahgnib's* caſe—*here* they would not, could not avail, his train of evidence was ſo clear, his witneſſes ſo unqueſtionable! So concluding, he hemmed, wiped his brow, and called up *old Berlengwelſen*.—

"You know *Peſſrinc-ſo-Kyro?*"

"I do."

"You know *Norab Glulplew?*"

"I do."

"Was you at a *gala* on ——? and were they *there?*"

"They were."

"Tell us what you know, and ſaw tranſpire there, relative to the matter now before the court."

"I had miſſed the *peſſrinc* from her ſtool of ſtate; and on walking down the room in ſearch of her, I found her in earneſt debate with *Norab Gluplew*. She was cloſe to him, and he was half extended, leaning on his hand. I ſeemed not to notice them; but accidentally looking down him, from his chin to his feet, I perceived, about the centre, a motion,

motion, which ſhocked me. I turned my head, and bluſhed. At that inſtant the *peſſrinc* ſcreamed violently. I turned my head again: She was hurrying from him in terror, and he was riſing confuſedly."

Here ſhe cloſed her evidence, and was leaving the court; when *Enisker*, jumping up, *thus* ſtayed her:

"Stop, ſtop a little, if you pleaſe, Mrs. Modeſty, you bluſhing lady; and be ſo good as anſwer *me* a few queſtions, as pat and glibly as you have told your tale for my friend *Trafec-rob* (which was the name of the plaintiff's counſel): And let me try if I cannot ſhake and purge this courtly evidence of your's a little.—

"Pray, at what time of the evening did this happen?"

"About twelve."

"An apt time, I confeſs: Had you been drinking?—was you drunk?"

"Sir, I am a lady, and a court lady; and I ſha'n't anſwer ſuch an affronting queſtion."

"Oh, you ſha'n't?—we'll ſee that. Noble and upright judge (addreſſing himſelf to the

the bench), will you direct an anſwer to my queſtion?"

The JUDGE.—"Why really, *Mr. Eniſker*, I do not ſee what your queſtion, if anſwered, can benefit your client?"

ENISKER.—"I beg your reverence's pardon; it is of great moment. I am coming to an explanation of *the motion*, and if ſhe was inebriated, your worſhip knows ſhe of courſe ſaw double; and, in *theſe caſes*, you are well convinced, *every motion* is of conſequence."

JUDGE.—"I beg your pardon, I perceive it; you are right. Witneſs, you muſt anſwer the queſtion."

"Now, madam, was you drunk or not?"

"No; not drunk."

"Was you merry, elevated?"

"Little bit."

"*Little bit*! Are you a Lilliputian? where do you come from?"

"*Grub-neck-lem*."

"What are you? Mind, you're on your oath!"

"Tale-bearer and general obſerver for my maſter and miſtreſs."

"And

"And an't you—come, mind and keep up to the truth, or dread the conſequences; ar'nt you a *general ſty* over all the houſehold?"

"*Little bit.*"

"Very well, that will do ſo far, Mrs. *Little bit:* Now for *this motion*—where was it? what was it like?"

"It was about the norab's centre, and ſeemed like a crocodile buried in ſand, heaving to liberate itſelf."

"Pleaſe now to lay aſide your bluſhing, and tell us—ſhould you, ſuppoſe you had been in the *peſſrinc's* place, have been frightened?"

"*Little bit.*"

"Did any thing tranſpire after the motion and the ſcream?"

"I don't know; I ſhut my eyes, and walked away."

"You may go."

Chieters-Fled was now called up; his evidence was an exact recapitulation of what I had told him of the occaſion of the ſcream. *Enisker* thought it unneceſſary to croſs-queſtion him, and the evidence cloſed.

Trafec-

Trafec-rob now roſe again, and thus enlarged on the evidence, in ſubſtantiation of my guilt:

"Moſt perſpicuous judge!—and ye, upright determinors and auditors! I am ſatisfied the evidence you have heard, leaves no doubt in your minds of the defendant's guilt—*that guilt*, heightened too by its commiſſion, under the very roof of protection and friendſhip. If theſe were *all*, ſufficient would be before you for your ſevereſt cenſure! but, gentlemen, we muſt—we are bound to look a little further. Suppoſe progeny to have been the conſequence from this unnatural embrace! how could it have been nurtured in infancy? If brought up, how afterwards ſupported? Next imagine—dreadful imagination!—imagine it to have arrived at years of maturity! whether male or female, equally indifferent in conſequences—it might 'have peopled all the iſle with Gullivers.' There, gentlemen! there! This hypotheſis carries me warrantably on to ſhew you—the fire, and his probable iſſue, would, in twenty years, occaſion a famine in the land! I perceive, by the eye and

farcaſtic ſmile of my *honourable friend Eniſker*, he is preparing the flowers of rhetoric, wherewith to counteract the fever of truth, theſe truiſms muſt inflame you with. He trembles; I know he trembles for his client, notwithſtanding the ſeeming ſecurity on his brow: I know he is tremblingly alive for him. Therefore, gentlemen, be not ſwayed by ſeductive oratory: Conſider the ſolemnity of the charge before you; and take care that the ſeal be not torn from the marriage bond with impunity! Then, gentlemen, think of 'peopling all the land with Gullivers!' Think of your wives and daughters, in ſuch enormous hands!—of your ſons, in the arms of ſuch ſtreaming concubines! Think of famine!—enervation!!—death!!! Gentlemen, I have done: My client, and, I may ſay, my country, repoſes his, and its honour, in and to your ſacred care. I wiſh them not in better hands; and leave them to you, confident of your verdict."

It was now *Eniſker's* turn: In a low voice, he addreſſed the court—

"When-

" Whenever it is left to me to reply, my learned and far more ingenious brethren of the robe endeavour to anticipate my argument, and invalidate my powers, by holding me to your view, *gentlemen determinors*, as '*the very knight errant of rhetoric.*' Gentlemen, regard them not! I uſe no flowers, no tropes, no ſtudied pauſes, no high ſounding phraſe, no quotations from the ancients or the moderns. No; '*I am a plain blunt man*, and that they know full well'—*that*, and no more. 'But were *I Trafec-rob, and he Enisker*,' then ſhould you obſerve what he imputes to me. I beg your pardons—I'll proceed; but ſo accuſed, my duty to my client obliged me to vindicate myſelf from *Trafec-rob's* inſinuations.

" Gentlemen, I ſhall call no witneſſes, but truſt to the adamantine coat of innocence my client is enveloped with, to bear him dangerleſs through this ſtorm of aſperſion, raiſed by envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableneſs. And when I have proved to you, as I ſhall, that the imputed villainy was *unaccompliſhable*; you will, in juſtice, grant him, not a verdict only—but direct a

profecution againſt his malevolent traducers. Gentlemen, the only evidence noticeable, was the good lady *Berlengwelſen's—Mrs. Little bit!* What did ſhe prove? 'That ſhe ſaw a motion,' and 'heard a ſcream!' *Politics* I conſider as indecorous diſcourſe in halls of juſtice, where not immediately pertinent to the cauſe: *I* abominate, *I never uſe them. Here*, Gentlemen, I avow to you, *politics* may be mentioned: It was *a political ſcream*, and *no other*. I ſhall not deſcant on it at preſent; for *a ſhort bill of twenty thouſand ſheets*, is filed in another court, the anſwer to which, *oré indubitabilé*, though *here* inadmiſſible, will, *in ten or fifteen years*, deliver the innocence of *Norab Glulſlew* down to poſterity. *The motion* is all I ſhall beg your attention to. Thirteen Lilliputian women, gentlemen, exude the effluvia of one Blefeſcudian: The baron had been converſing with that number. You all well know how unavoidably, incompreſſibly, and naturally ſuch motions ariſe, when the olfactories are touched by that ſubtle virility-exciting effluvia: We admit it. What follows? '*The crocodilian-like movement.*' But did

did the witneſs *ſee the crocodile?*—did it (in the ſportſman's phraſe) *break cover?* No! What damage then could ariſe? In theſe enlightened times, we laugh at the idea, of women being impregnated by ſouthern gales. But you may as well believe *that poſſible*, as my client guilty. For I will tell you, that the miaſmata of a prolific miaſm could not find a lodgement. *Proportions* are phyſically demonſtrative of my aſſertion; and you muſt all know, if a miaſm could not lodge, what would a miaſmata produce? Not *the race* to be dreaded from *Trafec-rob's* figurative language; it could but produce a ſingle limb—a head without a body, or a body without a head, or disjointed limbs without or head or body. If you believe this, gentlemen—if you are convinced *the crododile never broke cover*; you will paſs over my learned opponent's argument, and, rejecting his allegory, give a verdict to my plain unvarniſhed truth and facts. *Gentlemen*, I am not afraid of your deciſion!"

Down he ſat. *The determiners* (twelve in number) pauſed for about ten minutes. In

the interim, not uneasy at the consequences of what their determination might be, I was considering how much I should give to *Enisker*, for his trouble and exertion of ability. I saw on the back of the cause-paper marked "*Drawbo* against *Mahgnib*," the fee "1000 copars." *He* was represented as poor—*I* was known to be rich: So put my hand in my pocket, took out two ingots, folded them up, and wrote on the back—

"*Ecnirp-fo-Kyro*
"against
"*Norab Glulplew.*
"*Enisker* 1500 copars,
"*for defendant.*"

Instead of any Solonic observations, I wrote the following address—

"TO ENISKER.

I.

"Unparagon'd! illumin'd *being!*—hence!
"Leave treach'rous logic—quit th' imperious gown!
"Such studies, sure, must give the good offence;
"Such dreadful merit, virtue must disown.

"Can

II.

" Can sordid fees, to palliate vice prevail!
" Can gold entice thee to *the murd'rer's ail?*
" With rhet'ric's sweets to gloss the vilest tale!
" Or blast the innocent—because thou'rt paid!

III.

" Oh stain! oh blot! indelible disgrace!
" To learning's son, or whom the arts adorn,
" Or science lifts—to struggle for *that race*,
" Where knavery bears the palm, and virtue yields a thorn!

IV.

" That goal be theirs, whose deity is gain!
" The philanthropic path of life be thine!
" No longer member of the snarling train,
" Ah! leave the courts, and visit nature's shrine!

V.

" *There* see mankind in every devious shape—
" Descant, reflect, and let no change escape;
" Laugh with the gay, the poor and unbless'd bless,
" And, Cicero-like, retire—to mental happiness!"

The determinors now called our attention, and delivered their verdict. It was simply as follows:

" *Not Guilty—no ground for the profecution.*"

I made

I made my bow to the bench and determinors, and hurried home as fast as I could (being something angry at the reflection attempted to be thrown on me), to avoid the crowd of friends who were rushing forward to congratulate me. I passed the day alone, and next morning went to *Elsac Sinwrad*.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

Returns to Court—Dreſſes the Farm—Breakfaſt at Court—Berlengwelſen turns Goldfinder; gets into a Scrape—Gulliver relieves her—Virtues of the Royal Family—Council—Bad News—Gulliver deputed to view the State of the Army and Navy—Diſcourſes on Ways and Means—Places and Penſions—Pekrub's Agitation thereat—Return to Fluhnduhna.

I DROVE boldly up to the palace as uſual, armed with the ſentiment, that,

> " Virtue needs no defence,
> " The ſureſt guard" being " innocence."

Had I been a *field-mârſhal*, returned from a *perilous retreat*, I could not have received a more flattering reception. As proof, *Log-Erez* immediately named me *drol of his camera*; and ſhaking my hand, ſaid—

" Fine weather! ſuit the farm! go about it, hah? When ſet about improving it?"

I re-

I replied, "Whenever he pleaſed; but that having juſt eſcaped the clutch of the law for an imputed offence, where I could not, ſuppoſing I had had the groſs and wicked intention, have been guilty, my proceedings in this buſineſs muſt be prudently regulated: I had therefore to deſire ſome preliminaries might be agreed on, before I undertook the job."

"I hear, I hear—go on, I'll grant."

"Firſt then, I begged orders might be iſſued, forbidding any woman to lurk or lay hid in the hedges, while under my immediate care; which, as there were twenty fields, I could not well go through the taſk of improving, in leſs than as many days. This alſo, to prevent impertinent curioſity.

"2d. That I ſhould be exempt from proſecution for a nuiſance, by any of his ſubjects, during the progreſs of my labour, ariſing from vapour, noxious fermentation, &c.

"3d. That as the late trial had occaſioned much converſation on my limbs in general, that no one (excepting ſuch as could not write and read) ſhould be allowed to work on

on the farm, while under my courſe of manurage; becauſe, as it was impoſſible to conceal every thing, while either flooding the meadows, or dreſſing the arable land, *ſome catch-penny bookſeller* might thus, without my knowledge or concurrence, obtain, with accuracy, *dimenſions*; which, improperly treated of, might injure the morals of the young and wanton.

"Theſe agreed to, I was his ſervant to the beſt of my abilities, and would the next day begin at ſun-riſe."

Notices to the above effect were immediately publiſhed, and ſtrictly enforced. I was permitted to retire early, and never had before experienced two ſuch gracious ſmiles as the royal pair honoured my adieu with.

Whether the anxiety I had experienced, or whether fate, to reward me for the paſt, occaſioned the circumſtance I ſhall next mention, I know not; but I willingly believed the latter: And though I had the gripes terribly all the night, I perſevered in retention, and ſat intereſt before eaſe; confident too, that—

"There

" There is a tide in the affairs of men,
" Which, taken at the height, leads on *to fortune.*"

With great difficulty I held till break of day, and never did I ſo anxiouſly expect the ſun-riſe.

" At length the morn unbarr'd her golden gates."

I hurried to the firſt field, and beſtowed the bleſſing of compoſt in the moſt luxuriant manner. And ſo happily was I prepared, ſo ready for the taſk, that I was returned to my apartment before a watchman was awake.

BREAKFAST AT COURT.

" *Care* keeps his watch in ev'ry old man's eye,
" And where *care* lodges, ſleep will never lie."

By times I had an expreſs invitation to breakfaſt; the meeting was laughable—for though the old couple were as familiar as uſual, yet all the young ones looked very queer. Some were holding handkerchiefs and ſmelling-bottles to their noſes, ſome ſtop

pin

ping their's with rue; while the reſt were cramming every crevice they could find with paper, to exclude the fumette ariſing from the well-dreſſed field, which lay in front of the apartment. Two of them reached, which the royal papa was very angry at, and mama frowned horribly. I was vexed for being the occaſion, though it produced me a fine compliment from old Berlengweſen. Genuine character is diſcoverable by the ſmalleſt accidental circumſtances. That ſhe was a perfect courtier was by this triſle demonſtrated. Under pretence of letting in freſh air, ſhe threw up one of the windows, thruſt out her head, and withdrawing it, with a deep ſniff, exclaimed—

"Oh, heaven! how fine! more better, more wholeſome than civit!"

So ſweet is flattery, let the ſource it ſprings from be ever ſo foul, I almoſt forgave her for the attempted injury. The cataſtrophe proves it was mere flattery—for in about ten minutes, the gale was ſo highly tainted, that every ſoul, excepting *her majeſty* and *Berlengweſen*, vomited heartily. I was truly vexed for the poor girls, and could not help ſaying

ſo to *Log-Ereg*, as I held the fourth baſon to him: But he ſtopped me ſhort, ſaying—

"Never mind! ugh! good! fine! ſave phyſic! ſave phyſic! ha? and get great crop!"

The young ones were obliged to withdraw, and I was left with only the *majeſtic pair* and *old Berlengwelſen*.

"Pleasure never comes sincere to man,
"But lent by heav'n upon hard usury;
"And when Jove holds us out the cup of joy,
"Ere it can reach our lip, 'tis dash'd with gall
"By some left-handed god."

While aſſiſting *Log-Ereg*, I perceived I had loſt a ring from my finger, which was given me by *Rambellius* at our parting, and which I had reſolved never to go without. I could not help expreſſing my ſorrow aloud. *Log-Ereg* looked *ſolemnly* on the ground—her majeſty caſt up her eyes *pitifully*—and old Berlengwelſen cried—

"Was it dimunt?"

I told them "*it was*, and of ſome value, having belonged to an old uſurer in Bleſeſcu, who gave it at his laſt gaſp to *Rambellius*

ſo

for extreme unction; and that *he* had given it me, as a memento of his friendſhip."

"Where, where could you loſe it?" ſaid Log-Ereg.

"Did you bring it here *to give me?*" ſaid her majeſty.

"We muſt hunt for it," ſaid old Derlengweſſen.

"I believe, madam," ſaid I to the laſt interrogatory, "on recollection, the ſearch muſt be mine *only*; I have a notion I dropped it in the field to-day. I'll look, however, in my apartment; and if not there, I dare ſay, in my buſineſs of to-morrow, I ſhall find it." So ſaying, I took my leave.

In vain did I hunt for my ring; and gave up the ſearch, hoping I ſhould find it *on the morrow*, where I had dropped my other treaſure.

Preſently a meſſenger came from the *great lady*, requeſting my acceptance of two diſhes, dreſſed after her country's faſhion. Highly flattered, I returned my lowlieſt duty, with thanks.

I begged to know of the clerk of the kitchen, "of what compoſed? and how they were called?"

He told me one was named "*bumſblubber*," the other "*pan-jottles*."

The firſt, made from ſea-fiſh, which had been left by the tides on the ſtrand, and to which, the ſearchers after theſe delicacies, were directed by the noſe, as the heat of the ſun ripened them.

The other was of the fleſh of ſheep, which had not undergone the torturing pang of the butcher's knife; but dying, delicately ſtarved, were dreſſed (as ſome ſorts of fowl are) trail and all, which the delicious and tempting thickneſs of the gravy plainly ſhewed.

Complaiſance had compelled me to eat ſome few mouthfuls of each before he had finiſhed his explanation—my ſtomach heaved—but I had lived long enough at court to know, diſguiſe of ſentiment leads to preferment; ſo praiſing my *jottles* and *blubber* to the ſkies, I diſmiſſed the cook.

I ſtaid at home all the reſt of the day; the loſs of my ring vexed me, and *Rambelius*

this was uppermoſt in my mind. To diſpel ennui, I took from it's manſion (my boſom) the little bundle, tied with the narrow black ribbon. The firſt paper that ſtruck my eye, was thus labelled :—

" COPY OF MY EPISTLE,

" TO

" *ADELINE*,

" On discovering at confession our connexion.

" RAMBELLIUS."

I.

" Oh ! that no passion-swelling chord uprais'd *my* head!
" That to a reckless ear !
" Slumb'ring on apathy's insensate chilly bed,
" Each humaniz'd effect—were, as unto the dead :
" Then nor sweet hope, or grief, or fear,
" Fell disappointment's fang ;
" Or poverty's soul-melting, sad, unaided tear,
" Would cause this heart a pang.
" But feeling *all*, unable to redress,
" What bane can equal *mine* ? who *would the wretched bless* ?

II.

" Thou, Adeline ! ar't now *the theme!*
" Sweet vision of my prav'r-bless'd dream !
" On thee, when midnight's awful bell,
" Commands each *cloister'd* from his cell,

" I sadly think, and turn to find,
" Within the volume of my mind,
" Some page of comfort, that, when next we meet,
" May bid thy sorrows fly—sweet smiles thy cheek
regreet.

III.

" No more *Rambellius* shall you see,
" Cloth'd with terrific bigotry;
" No solemn farce, no scaring aid,
" Priestcraft's vile trick---poor black parade!
" Shall anathematize thy pleasures past---
" I'll come and whisper *peace---love*, that shall ever last.

IV.

" At first, I'll not condemn thy tears,
" Or deep-breath'd sigh assuage;
" Sorrow's sooth'd form such beauty wears,
" As portraits gain by age.
" Thy care-pale cheek, thine eye down-cast,
" And cold damp nerveless hand;
" Thy hectic, throbbing, snow-drop'd breast,
" *My* ev'ry sense command.

V.

" What other graces can adorn
" That female frame, whose heart's love-lorn?
" What other graces man desire,
" Who wastes from mem'ry's mart'ring fire?
" That *I* so pine, my *signet* shews,
" And that *thou* long hast wept my woes.

" Wept

" Wept them! till, fatal similars! thine own,
" Gave thee an equal seat on mis'ry's ebon throne.

VI.

" Forgive me, that I try'd *thy* mind,
" Whilst yet disguis'd *my* name;
" Thy voice was in my heart enshrin'd,
" I trembled for thy fame.
" For *here*, full oft, the harlot's snare,
" In vestal robe's array'd;
" And many a lamp that's trimm'd for pray'r,
" Lights up lewd riot's bed.

VII.

" So, in our groves and sacred choirs,
" Numbers indulge their base desires;
" With legacies, *through craft*, bestow'd,
" To pave *the donor's* way to God.
" But not so *all*—there are, who come
" Heart-broke, like me, and wish the tomb:
" Who, so much on futurity depend, and know,
" As not to quit their posts 'till heav'n directs the blow.

VIII.

" Twelve summer suns and winters cold,
" Thy *brother*, *Adeline*, had told,
" Without desire, next morn to see,
" 'Till accident restor'd him thee!
" Restor'd thee—sainted to his arms,
" With sorrow's sympathetic charms.

" *Victrix*

« *Victrix* o'er woe, with hope's angelic mind,
« Companion, mistress, for the monk refin'd.

« Once LAWRENCE BELCIGLIA,

« Now FATHER RAMBELLIUS."

The concluſion put it beyond doubt that I had done wrong in my former ſuggeſtions of the intimacy and friendſhip of *Adeline* and *Lawrence*. I wept contritely; and reſtoring my papers to their habitation, in melancholy mood retired to reſt.

Morning led me to my ſecond day's labour, and in purſuit of my ring. I ſearched diligently, but in vain; and had juſt ſtepped over a very high hedge to proceed to duty, when a ſhrill voice uttered—

« *Norab*, *norab*, help me, help me, *little bit*!"

Looking round, I perceived my old accuſer, *Be lengwelſen*; who, in defiance of the edict, was in the field before me, and, in queſt of my deſired ring, had fallen into a dilemma frequent with gold-finders. Had revenge poſſeſſed me, it was but to turn me round, and totally immerſe her. Horrid death,

death, for one who had lived and baſked in the ſmile of princes! *I* heſitated; *ſhe* implored. I was not conſidering whether I ſhould ſmother her or not, but how I could, unſoiled myſelf, convey her home. The ſenſes, always kind in extremities, preſented one of my ſhoes as a vehicle: I kicked it off—by the hair, as if pulling a radiſh, drew her out, and gently laid her in it. She was ſo exhauſted, that I thought it moſt prudent to return immediately, and leave the other job undone. I therefore directly conveyed her to her apartment, and waited on *Leg-Ereg*, to explain what had occaſioned delay in my progreſs. At firſt, *his* brow loured; but *her* majeſty taking his hand, ſaid—

"Come, come, never mind; *nerab* will make amends—and conſider, it was occaſioned by his kindneſs to my poor old favourite; and perhaps ſhe has found the ring."

I declare *the queen* was quicker minded, reſpecting my property, than I had been myſelf, for I never thought to aſk her, and ſo informed her majeſty, who continued—

"*Well, I'll* go ſee her."

"*I* go

"*I* too, *I* go too," said Log-Ereg, "perhaps has been lucky—did right, quite right, and go laugh at her."

Here the queen frowned. *They* sat off to pay their visit of condolence: I, having nothing to do, the day being rainy, went home, and amused myself with minuting the following observations in my tablets, which had occurred during my residence at *Elfac Sinwrod*.

"NOTE,

"1st. Royal family of Lilliput, all *very* purblind.

"Q. May not *this* be fictitious, and the effect of merciful inclination; being unwilling to see the faults of their subjects?

"2d. Universally triplicate their monosyllables in conversation.

"Q. Is this a royal privilege, or only from the desire of peculiar elegance in diction?

"3d. *Generous* to profusion—promise something almost every day. But never receive presents.

"N. B.

" N. B. I think this truly magnificent, and prevents any groſs ideas of royal peculation, or taking gratuity to ſcreen the unworthy.

" 4th. Remarkably fond of the arts—painting and poetry: Good authors and artiſts ſure of reward; but principal favourite poet, one *Repte Danrip*.

" N. B. Think this rather too partial, as he is *a profeſſed court flatterer*.

" 5th. *Heir apparent* remarkably parſimonious.

" N. B. This would be certainly commendable in a ſmall degree; but not to the extent he carries it—as his royal ſire's munificence will leave him little beſides honour.

" 6th Aſtronomy in great perfection—very properly ſo, being uſeful to navigation.

" N. B. *The king* keeps a planetarian in his houſehold, and has got a ſtar of his own—calls it *Log-Ereg*. Told him one day, ' he ſhould have named it *little Mars*, in imitation of the *ſecond bear*, he

he being the *earthly god of war.*' Smiled a good deal at my remark."

I was proceeding in my obſervations, when a ſummons to attend an *immediate council*, obliged me to diſcontinue.

PRESENT.

LOG-EREG,

DRALPONT, VILPI TICO, PEKRUB, ORO-BLUFF, REC-NEPS, DUNHELDASHIO, VILE-GRIN, NAVE NPNAEE, SEVRESE, ESOR, GLULPLEW.

VILE-GRIN was on his legs, reading, when I entered. He continued *thus*—

" In ſhort, ſo fatally are we ſituated, hemm'd in, without ordnance, without proviſions—our braveſt fellows all cut off—the remnant ſo diſpirited, that without inſtant reinforcement, all is loſt."

PEKRUB ſtopped him.—

" Conceal the fatal reſt; ſend out more men! ſend money! ſend—would *I* could go myſelf!"

ESOR interrupted him.—

" *Money!* there's none in hand; and agent *Gouil gs*' laſt drafts are yet unpaid. Beſides, ſome

ſome grumbling raſcals ſay, when the mare's dead, too late to give her hay."

ORO-BLUFF.—" *How* do they dare ſay *that! Sevreſe*, inſtant hence! double the number of—*you know*; away."

Away he went. *I* now roſe to give my opinion.

" It appears to *me* theſe dangers are magnified; I would not be vain-glorious, but I can venture to aſſert, that with five hundred of picked men, I would, unmoleſted, march through the whole territory of *Blefeſcu*."

LOG-EREG majeſtically roſe, and ſhaking his head, ſaid—

" No, no, *Glulplew*, that won't do! Told *ſo*, once before—deceiv'd—believ'd it, and loſt *thirteen of my beſt friends* by it."

Bowing duteouſly,

" Sir," ſaid I, " give me leave to review your troops, I *may* ſuggeſt."

" You ſhall," he returned; ſat down, and ſighed.

REC-NEPS next ſpake.—

" The returns of *my department*, I am ſorry to ſay, are little leſs diſaſtrous; what

with the delays in fitting out, the ſtormy ſeaſon, and the intelligence the enemy have received, our naval hopes are at their loweſt ebb."

Here I felt my conſequence, and (perhaps abruptly) ſaid—

" *The navy of Lilliput* not to be relied on for defence! impoſſible! That your armies have *been laughed at*, I admit—but *your navy*, no! Beſides, matriculated here, give me command, my life ſhall anſwer for your tars' ſucceſs".

VILPI TICO, who had hitherto reſerved himſelf, now took his turn.—

" The taxes propoſed by *Norab Glulplew*, though promiſing, have, in part, failed of their expected produce; and neither fleets or armies can be equipped without great preſent ſums. I have again turned my eyes on all *the neceſſaries of life*, and do not ſee *one article* untaxed: What, therefore, can be done?"

He pauſed; I took advantage, and replied—

" If the neceſſaries of life have been impoliticly and unpopularly aſſeſſed, yet there remains

remains one great reſource, more than amply ſufficient for the preſent vaſt occaſion. And I ſhould be aſhamed, unmeritedly, to continue an eleemoſynary receiver, from a diſtreſſed loyal people."

So ſaying, I took out my gift of the penſion, and tore it in pieces. Then went on—

"If the neceſſities or meanneſſes of thoſe in ſimilar ſituations reſtrain them from the like virtuous ſacrifice to juſtice, let them at leaſt bear their proportions of the burden; and doubly tax the idle, to preſerve the meritorious induſtrious."

I fear I was too energetic, for at theſe words *Pekrub fainted!* The little hubbub occaſioned by this accident was, by his removal, done away; and it was reſolved, that I ſhould review the army, and give my ſentiments as to farther campaigning. The command I refuſed, and left that to the continued management of the magnanimous *ſe-Kyro*.

The fleet was abſolultely forced on me; which, gratuitouſly, I accepted: But was

compelled, againſt inclination, to accept the added title of *quarmſi*.—And the meeting, after reſolving a ſolemn faſt, and that I ſhould on the morrow attend *Vilpi Tico* to *Flubndubnna*, broke up.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Political Converſation on the Road, between Vilpi Tico and Gulliver—The Faſt—Viſit from a Superior of the Church—The Camp—A Plot diſcovered—Sevreſe's Activity diſplayed—Humbug—Congratulatory Addreſſes to Log-Ereg, *on the Eſcape from what might have been a Plot—Sets off to view and equip the Fleet.*

CINCINNATUS was called from *his* plough to the conduct *alſo* of armies, and the preſervation of a mighty ſtate! On our way to *Fluhnduhnna*, *Vilpi Tico* was remarkably inquiſitive—as to "how, without freſh ſupplies, I could undertake to ſend out the fleet?" &c. And laſtly, "whether I had conveyed my own treaſures out of the kingdom?" I aſſured him to the laſt queſtion, I had not: To the firſt, I muſt view, before I could determine. We then ſettled, that as the morrow was appointed for *the faſt*, I ſhould, on the following, ſee the armies en-

camped; and the third day, viſit *the fleets*. Theſe things arranged, we ſeparated.

THE FAST.

I made a point of ſupping well, intending to obſerve the ordinance of abſtinence exemplarily. The bells of all the temples rang betimes, the ſhops were all ſhut up, and about two hours after ſun-riſe I was viſited by one of the *ſuperior religious*: He was the picture of eaſy holineſs—*fat*, *ſleek*, and *ruddy*. Not like *Rambellius*, a living ſkeleton. His ſalute was highly dignified. I thought he was come to prepare me for confeſſion, and kneeled to him; he ſmiled, as I ſuppoſe, at my ignorance, for, taking my hand, he ſaid—

"Riſe, *quarmſi*; I called to give you joy of your appointment. I hope you'll trim the dogs—cut all their throats—exterminate them."

"Sir! ſurely I miſapprehend; are you not a delegate of heaven?—a miniſter of peace? The very name of war muſt grieve your pious mind, ſo oppoſite to your bleſſed function?"

"Oh,

"Oh, oh," ſaid he, "I muſt undeceive you. Come, come, and dine with me to-day; I ſhall have a jolly party—and we'll diſcuſs the moſt probable means of ſucceſs."

"The *Elbib*," ſaid I, "which I ſuppoſe you form the ſucceſſes of futurity upon, treats not, *father*, as I recollect, on the advantages that can be made or gained in earthly war."

"ELBIB!" ſaid he, "what's that? It's a ſtatute I never heard of Is it a treatiſe on preferment?—Is it the art of getting rich?"

"Indeed," ſaid I, "it is, of gathering riches which can never waſte: And I hope the neglect of its principles, which have been the ſole cauſe of the horrors of Blefeſcu, have not been unnoticed in Lilliput!"

"*Elbib*! Oh, oh," ſaid he again, "I recollect we uſed to have ſuch a book in uſe; but it is now almoſt unknown, obſolete, out of print. I ſee you was brought up with a falſe notion: We muſt rub off this monaſtic ruſt; ſo come, dine with me."

I peremptorily refuſed; and a ſlight bow from each to the other ſeparated us.

Inſtead

Inſtead of ſeeing *Vilpi Tico*, as I expected, to accompany me, *Eſor* came with an apology, which ſurpriſed me; it was, "That a too copious libation *on the faſt*, had rendered him incapable of the intended honour; but that *he*, if I would condeſcend to accept his company, would attend me."

Eſor and I, accordingly, ſet forward and arrived at

THE CAMP.

A curſory view diſguſted me. Inſtead of ſeeing, as I expected, veteran commanders, both in years and manners equal to, and capable of, joining combat with ſuch as *I had ſeen*—they appeared to me, the followers of *an Anthony* on Cydnus' banks, waiting, full-trimmed, another voluptuous Cleopatra. And ſo infantine were many of the leaders, if I had not known better, I ſhould have concluded, the ſoldiers, from parental kindneſs, had preferred their children to themſelves. I was well pleaſed I had wiſely refuſed ſuperintendance of ſuch an hazardous taſk; and returned, fully ſatisfied of my eſcaping the enterpriſe.

A PLOT

A PLOT DISCOVERED.

I was in expectation of finding *Vilpi Tico* recovered, inſtead whereof, *Sevreſe* was waiting my arrival; he looked very ſombrouſly—but as I leaped ſpiritedly from my car, and handed down my comrade, he exclaimed—

"Welcome, *quarmſi!* how is *dear Eſor?* how did ye both eſcape the horrors of yeſterday? *Poiſon!* fatal poiſon!—Oh, *Pekrub, Vilpi Tico, Vile-Grin!*"

I was thunderſtruck, and ejaculated—

"Poiſon! ill-fare, poiſon'd!"

"Yes," ſaid he, "nor *there* did the dreadful intention end; 'twas intended to aſſaſſinate even ſacred precious *Log-Ereg*. A traitor, with poiſoned ſpittle, was to have ſquirted venom in his face the next time he appears in public; and, if that failed, to have extracted his brains, by forcing out your rivet with a powerful magnet. But I've diſcover'd all—*here, here's* the proſcribed liſt (holding out a liſt of names) here they are, *all ſafe, all caged, all be tried, all hang'd.* Adieu! farewell! I muſt go—times full of peril. Take care, take care."

I was

I was afraid this dreadful diſcovery would prevent my viſit to the ſea-ſhore; but in order to know how matters really were, haſted to poor *Vilpi Tico* to condole. I found the *noble trio* all on one ſopha, a large waſh-tub before them, which was near full of ſhocking red-coloured evacuation—their faces pale, as in the agonies of death. On my entrance, they each lift up their ſunken eyes, and feebly articulated—

"Ah, quarmſi!"

"Oh, quarmſi!"

"Dear quarmſi!"

And inſenſibly ſunk away. *Dunheldaſhio* was ſtanding by—a large cloth in his hand, with which he kept alternately wiping the clammy foreheads of his wretched friends.

"Fine eſcape," ſaid he to me, "fine eſcape; glad you refuſed dining. But the *faſt-day*, ſee the effects of treaſon—*the ſuperior's* wine! There, there's the rub; don't though ſuſpect *him*—no! he's right; truſty; drank more than either of theſe unfortunates, and *quite well*—ſo can't judge *him* guilty."

"God

"God forbid," ſaid I, which had hardly eſcaped my lips, when in came, led by *Sevr ſe*,

Ahno.

Mahlta.

Wiſhkan.

They looked very gravely, and the patients as dolefully: However, *Mahlta*, who was a man of true genius, at once diſpelled their fears by this developement.—

"As order'd, we have examin'd all the *forty* bottles that were yeſterday emptied by *you*, my *noble invalid*, and *the ſuperior*. There's no danger: This, this empty bottle (holding up one he had brought away) was the vehicle of the offending matter. *The butler* has confeſſed: He ſuſpected a fellow ſervant of addiction to wine, ſo infus'd a ſmall quantity of emetic tartar in this veſſel to diſcover him. You, by miſtake, were at dinner ſerv'd out of it."

Joy ſucceeded this news; and all, but *Sevreſe*, ſmiled. Sangrado's beverage was now plentifully beſtowed, and a few hours reſtored the *tres nob le fratrum*. The worſt remained behind!—The intended aſſaſſin was in cuſtody, but would not confeſs. I begged to ſee him.

him. *Sevreſe*, ever ready in theſe matters, ſoon produced the miſerable delinquent. Think my ſurpriſe—it was my own valet!

At ſight of *me* his courage forſook him: "Why, wretch (ſaid I)?"

"Oh, my noble maſter (the poor creature anſwered), forgive, but forgive me! I'll confeſs all; for you, you only are wrong'd."

I ſigned my perſonal forgiveneſs to him, and *Sevreſe* brought in ten ſcribes to take his examination, which was as follows:

SEVRESE. "Is your confeſſion voluntary, or extorted?"

PRISONER. "Voluntary."

SEVRESE. "Of what was the poiſoned liquid, you held in your mouth when taken, compoſed, and by whom?"

PRISONER. "I don't know."

SEVRESE. "Scribes, obſerve *that*!—There are more yet lurking behind the curtain. Where did you get it? From who receive it?"

PRISONER. "From no one. I—I ſtole it!"

SEVRESE. "Improbable! this is prevarication. Who ſteals poiſon!—take him away. I'll try him yet a little further. Where did you

you procure the ſubtle, powerful, death-intending other inſtrument?

PRISONER. "I ſtole it."

SEVRESE. "Surely, ſurely, noble auditors, here is proof ſufficient of my ſagacity, my depth of obſervation, induſtry, and loyalty in hunting out theſe horrible miſcreants, damn'd complotters—Away with him!

PRISONER. "I have ſpoken the truth; I am innocent of treaſon; I have only wrong'd my maſter."

"By your leaves, my brothers (ſaid I); I will propoſe him a queſtion or two (aſſent was bowed)." "Be candid; ſpeak out, and fear not; but you muſt anſwer. Where did you get this dreadful mixture you are ſaid to have the deſign of uſing? and of what is it compos'd?"

PRISONER. "I know not its component parts; nor do I know that it has deleterious qualities. I only ſaid to a friend, it was ſo hot that I believed it would bliſter the face of a king, if it ſhould touch it.

SEVRESE (impatiently). "Raſcal! raſcal! How dar'd you ſuggeſt ſuch a thing! How dare your profane rebellious mouth ſurmiſe it

poſſible for danger to approach a royal phiz! Noble compeers, I pronounce this *Conſtructive Treaſon!*"

"Patience! moſt perſpicuous Sevreſe (ſaid I); the manner of his obtaining it, and for what uſes, will, I think, in a great meaſure, elucidate this matter. How did you obtain it?"

PRISONER. "I had obſerv'd your *Drolſpib* often fill your mouth from a golden cheſt, which one day you left behind you: Curioſity induced me to know the contents; I call'd one of my fellow-ſervants, by whoſe aſſiſtance I open'd the lid. We took out about ten of the rolls, and breaking one in two, I ventured to put it in my mouth. A violent burning enſued, and I ſaid in my haſte as before-mentioned."

I could not help burſting into laughter *at Sevreſe's quid of tobacco plot;* but he, undaunted, notwithſtanding my explanation of its uſe, and to convince him of the harmleſſneſs of it, by filling my mouth with it, perſevered in his ſecond charge of "*the magnet.*"

SEVRISE. "Where, firrah, was this tremendous bar of iron, this diabolically magnetiſed

netiſed death-dealing inſtrument manufactured?"

PRISONER. "Indeed I know not; I did not know its properties; I ſaw it laying in my maſter's chamber, and as he never noticed it, I thought it of no ſervice to him; and wanting a bar to my own ſtreet-door, I one day took it home. I'm ſure I'm a ſufferer enough by it: For the moment I entered my doors, my houſe fell about my ears, and I ſaw, to my terror and aſtoniſhment, all the iron ſpikes, nails, rivets, trivets, grates, locks, bolts, and bars of my poor manſion, flying towards, and ſticking cloſe to it."

Sevreſe *now did appear* a little creſt-fallen: However, I reprimanded the fellow for ſtealing my pocket-magnet, and with admonition to *be very cautious* of his *political* converſation in future, he was diſmiſſed. Sevreſe, however, recommended, as the force of the magnet was allowed, and the tobacco water was acknowledged to have acid qualities, that it was proper *Log-Ereg* ſhould have an additional guard whenever he appeared in public. That as all the ſoldiers were nearly employed, or cut up, in the juſt and neceſſary

Blefeſcudian war, a guard of 500 old women would ſufficiently anſwer the purpoſe; he ſhould therefore move for it. He would, moreover, recommend the command of this honourable *body corps* to *Berlengwelſen*; and if not thought too unworthy, would put himſelf in female attire for a time, and become her adjutant.

This being an affair of moment, the determination was deferred till the next council. Letters of gratulation were, however, immediately diſpatched to *Log-Lreg* on his happy eſcape from what *might have been a plot*; and the *tres nobile fratrum* having diſgorged the offending matter, the day following, as originally fixed, was appointed for our ſetting forward to view the fleet.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

A new Acquaintance; the Occaſion of his Viſit —His Character and Buſineſs—A little Inſight into MONEY MATTERS—*Lenders and Borrowers—Agents—Jackalls and their Advocates.*

WALKING homeward, a thought fortunately ſtruck me of the neceſſity of taking with me my cork jacket, there being no veſſel ſufficiently large to convey me to the ſhips. I therefore directly returned, while the idea was in my head, to pack it up. In my apartments I found a ſtranger; he had no *mauvaiſe honte* about him, but at a *coup*, introduced himſelf thus:

"My name, norab, is *Juknig*; I am *procurator-general* for diſſipation in *Lilliput*; underſtanding you have immenſe riches at command, I came to offer you my ſervices, in laying out your money to the greateſt advantage."

"Sir," ſaid I, "I thank you; but I really think *Vilpi Tico* enables even the moſt avaricious

ricious to gratify their lucrous appetites to repletion."

"Oh dear! dear norab! *I can* double your fortune in six years. I can shew you men, who, from nothing, as it were, are become rich, by a traffic unknown when your father was *here*. If you have an hour to spare, I'll not only instruct you in the mysteries of the inviting merchandize, but delineate to you some of the *dealers* and *dealing*, which will convince you I am capable of the undertaking, many of the characters being well known to you since your sojourning with us."

There was something so singular in the application, that I not only bowed assent, but told him I should thank him for his information, merely to satisfy curiosity; for I had no intention of taking *him* for my factor.

"I will first," said he, "begin with my own history:—I am an *ignis fatuus*, *born* in a *work-house*, *educated* in a *charity-school*, thence transplanted to the situation of *footboy* to an *usurer*. I possessed perspicuity, and was soon noticed; possessed confidence, and became his clerk. I quickly amassed fees sufficient to wing my flight, and honoured myself with a

master's

maſter's degree; that is, I held out the ſame lures as *a money lender:* A ſmart lodging, well dreſſed footman, and neat advertiſement in the diurnal papers, did my buſineſs. I'll not trouble you with a recapitulation of the firſt twenty years of my life, the various ups-and-downs I have experienced, but paſs on to the preſent ſtation I hold (digreſſing only thus far): That about ſeven years ſince I married an old demirep of quality, whoſe titles have helped me through numberleſs pecuniary manœuvres. I now live in *Illypaccid*, and keep equipage, table, ſervants; in ſhort, an hotel of rendezvous for needy, great, expectant profligate heirs to titles and eſtates: So, norab, if you have inclination to obtain, with rapidity, an oriental-like fortune, employ me, and it is effected."

"Juknig," I replied, "I am ſatisfied from your converſation, external form, and Moſaic appearance, you have every requiſite for the undertaking offered me—rapid accumulation of wealth—*that* certainly is inviting; but before I embark in the commerce, I ſhould wiſh to have the names of, and general opinion the parties ſo trafficking are held in by ſociety in general,

general, that I may ascertain in what class I shall rank, should I be disposed to engage."—I fancy he thought he had taken a gudgeon, for he smiled acquiescence to my request, took out his pocket-book, and read as follows:

"*List of Lenders and Borrowers in Flubndubnna, also of their Jackalls, or the Money Advertisers, and their respective Advocates.*

"LENDERS.

"*Crota-Nojh* deals only in six years purchase annuities, by which means, from a small beginning, he has accumulated upwards of 100,000 copars.—N. B. He is always ready for a fresh chap, and is a certain anchor for the *first holding* on the young heir.

"*Bladbis* and *Ceytras*.—These gentlemen live in the same street, and frequently hunt bargains in couples, give good prices, and deal honourably—made their original fortunes in *Aidni*, but continue to peculate *here* under the term—*lend*

"*Nikdrain*.—A *norab*, who, by his marriage with the daughter of an old usurer, became immensely rich, and sat up general and whole-

sale

ſale dealer in copars—either as agent, truſtee, or ſharer.

" *Catileg.*—A gentleman equally adroit in the diſſection of a Lilliputian, or in the cutting up his eſtate, docking an *arm*, or a *leg*, or an *entail*; fond of a good reverſion to diſtraction: So that poſſibly, immediately after a kind attendance on an expiring father, he may more kindly attend the ſon to pay him for his purchaſed birthright.

" *Elſig.*—A great merchant, and of high rank in the national repoſitory of wealth—A certain purchaſer of a ſnug ten per cent.

" *Boſkobrank, Dalekrob, Yelterces, Racmas,* and *Ingtonſhul.*—All follow the ſame purſuit."

" To proceed with this liſt is unneceſſary; for I dare ſay, *norab*, you find, even among thoſe few I have mentioned, ſome names from whoſe *rank*, credit, character, and conſequence in life, *you* may be induced to join the train. I will now proceed to the *borrowers*, from among whom you may *ſelect pigeons* to your fancy; then proceed to the *jackalls*, then to their *advocates*."

I ſtopped him, ſaying,

" *Juknig*,

"*Juknig*, I am much obliged by your wish to serve me; but I cannot conclude that, joining myself to a *horde* of *avowed* law-sanctioned plunderers, would take from *me* the conscious guilt which I must feel at the completion of every dirty manœuvre to heap up wealth: And instead of coalescing, I'll be as candid with you, as you have been to me, in divulging the contents of your *black list*; and, moreover, give you my sentiments of the disposition I would make of the variously described, if *I* was in power.

"1*st*, *The Lenders* I would fine, to the extent of their properties, that they might feel *misery*, such as their rapacity must often inflict on others.

"2*dly*, *The Borrowers* I would confine in private mad-houses till the age of reason dawn'd; for it is obvious, either their senses are lost or unripen'd, otherwise they could not, would not, submit to such impositions.

"3*dly*, *The Jackalls* I would treat with a voyage for life to *Yab Ytanob*.—And,

"4*thly*, *The Advocates* (if any such there are), who debase an honourable profession, by being instrumental in forging the shackles which

which bind to ſuch ruinous, villainous contracts, *they* ſhould ſwell the fees of the executioner."

He put up his *black liſt*; and, like an arrow from a bow, ſhot out of my room. As he was ſhutting to my door, I heard him mutter, "*Great* (alluding to my ſize) *virtuous fool.*"

The inſight which he had given me of Lilliputian uſury, put me in mind of one of Rambellius's manuſcripts, which I had never yet read, it being written in Engliſh, of which language I had but a ſmattering. I recollected the title of it was,

"ABUSES OF THE LAW."

Having an hour or two to ſpare, I was minded to ſee if there was analogy between the abuſes of the Engliſh and the Lilliputian laws; ſo opened my little bundle, tied with the narrow black ribbon—it was encloſed in the following letter, directed

"*To* FATHER RAMBELLIUS,

"*Sialac Blefeſcu.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Since my reſidence in this country, chance has thrown me into the fangs of their *lawyers:*

lawyers: Thereby I had an opportunity of observing much mal-practice and deviation from juſtice and rectitude in their proceedings. I reſolved, in conſequence, to put my ideas of *the abuſes* on paper, which I have done, and am preparing for the preſs. As I promiſed, on my departure, to ſend you every literary morſel I ſhould compoſe whilſt *here*, I have enclоſed you this (to ſave the duty a printed copy would coſt you)—a manuſcript of my work.

"I am,

"My dear Friend, &c. &c.

"MAURUS NON NIGER.

"*Hatton Garden,*

"*London,* 1794."

I ſat down to the peruſal, it was *thus titled:*

ABUSES

ABUSES
OF THE
LAW;
OR
THE TEMPLE,
CITY, AND SUBURBS
EXEMPLIFIED.

A MORAL SATIRIC POEM.

IN THREE PARTS.

"Fie on't—ch fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
"That runs to seed—*Things* rank and gross in nature
"Possess it merely." HAMLET.

A B U S E S

OF THE

L A W.

PART I.

" Quantum mutatus ab illo"—*Temple.*

FROM Henry's * days to these, how chang'd the race
That tenanted this then devoted place;
Where Godfrey's knights from holy war retir'd,
Their spears laid by, yet with religion fir'd,
The world forgot, to pray'r, to fasts return'd,
And with seraphic ardor only burn'd;
True to the cross, and freed from martial strife,
Here pass'd, in cloister'd case, their rest of life.

How chang'd the scene!—each lance is now *a pen!*
The holders what!—*Truth* dare not call them men,
But knaves and fools, and pert pragmatic sparks,
And what were squires † transform'd to sniv'ling clerks.

* In the reign of Henry II. the Temple was the residence and property of the *Knights Templars*, or *Knights of Jerusalem.*

† Every knight used to have a *squire* or shield bearer.

The muse forbids the honest man to die,
And Kenyon sure will cleanse this filthy sty,
Whence wrongs are hurl'd, th' unwary to enthrall,
This *Temple once, this now* Pandora's hall.

Ye learned few * who grace this latter age,
And turn, for honor's sake, the elab'rate page;
Who toil, and exercise your minds, to gain
Those heights ev'n Aristides wou'd attain—
To sit exalted, and decide for right,
Condemn the wrong, and crush oppression's might.
To you the muse with adoration bends,
And hails ye virtue's, freedom's, nature's friends;
Around your heads eternal laurel's bent,
"*Ye* fall not in the scope of our intent."

Pace we the rounds, and first regard *that pile* †,
Simply magnificent, unmatch'd its style:
The entrance awes, each column stamps effect,
And ev'ry sculptur'd stone commands respect.
Here soldiers, patriots ‡ lie, in firm belief,
To meet (their toils' reward) our hallow'd Chief.
Bless'd be their manes, 'twas for Christ *they* fought!
Light fall the feet, nor wear their mem'ries out.

Yon *shady walk* shall now instruction shew—
Enter *that door*—Heav'n! *fourteen clerks* in row!
Some mighty task employs the master's mind:
How good! to labor thus to serve mankind!

* The bar and bench. † Temple church. ‡ Tombs of the knights.

Tread

Tread, softly tread! we're sure on sacred ground,
Whence law's pure light throws its broad beam around.
Amazing work!—what depth of science!—see!
Whole reams o'erwritten—Ha! "*fallacious plea!*
Sham judgments, joinders, and *demurrers*"—well—
"*Well*"—*No*—'tis bad—This is a task for hell.
Right can be only by the base delay'd,
And English honour shou'd disdain such trade;
By *this protractive work*, fresh mischief grows,
And *one* is multiplied to *many* woes.

The *wretched debtor*, trembling at a jail,
Asham'd to own, or tell his hapless tale,
When first affliction lays her iron hand,
Flies to *that aid* which nearest seems at hand,
Defence—for *that* he seeks the man of law,
Elate with hope, from *time* relief to draw.
"*A little time*," he says, "is all I want."
The *scriv'ner** answers, with right scriv'ning cant,
"Bring me to bear th' expences out of purse,
I'll stem the storm, your present evils nurse."
Agreed—*Term* comes, succeeding terms flow on,
False pleas, and *error's process*—all are done.
"*What now?* To Parliament with error?" "Yes."
"What shall I gain?" "Let's see—a few day's grace."
"*A few day's grace!* good heav'n! what then?" "*No more;*
Law has not then one other trick in store:
But what of that, *we've* tear'd them for *their* strife,
They can but send you *now* to jail for life."

* *Scrivener* was the original surname for *attorney*.

"*To jail for life!* Why what you've had of me
Wou'd pay the debt, and I might now be free!"

Unhappy wretch! just in the lion's mouth,
Fly, and conceal thyself, tho' bless'd with youth;
Rememb'ring this, thou still hadst mix'd with men,
If *quirks* and *special pleading* had not been.
That *this is so*, inspect that *crowded* cell *,
Where thoughtless virtue's doom'd with vice to dwell;
Where, stow'd with those, the very worst e'er born,
The very best in silent anguish mourn.
In the *same* straw-bed frequently are seen,
Debtor and creditor with squallid mien;
Ask them the cause, thrill at their sad replies;
"*Me, laws delay:*" "And me, Sir, false advice.
We're friends, and wou'd *each other* free; *but then*,
Each other's lawyer lays us fast again!"

Truth, without force of language, thus express'd,
Strikes home, and harrows up each feeling breast.

Oh *thou*†! the learned'st in th' entangling maze,
Pupils were few in thy great pleading days;
Scoul on th' abettors of *protraction's* scheme,
Exert thy pow'r, and be our gen'ral theme.
Easy the task; a rule of court does all:
Admit no staying plea within the hall,
Unless 'tis vouch'd beneath some counsel's hands,
That what's adduc'd, *the cause, in fact*, demands.

* King's Bench prison. † Sir F. Buller.

So onwards, till the record meets your eye,
Thus will you knav'ry from desert espy.
Oft thus unmask, where now 'twere sin to doubt,
Unless some master-hand shou'd point it out.

Farewel *false pleading*! Down these steps again,
Not far away, we'll pierce another den:
A worse, a murkier far—lo! *herein dwells*
The wretched hunter-out * of youngsters' bills.
This is the mart usurious harpies use,
Pawnbrokers' 'change, resort of pilf'ring Jews:
A *scene* where fraudulents may learn to thrive,
Taught by example how a knave can live.
This is the cell from whence such evils rise,
As on the pleader's desk abus'd our eyes.
Trace we the tricks, unknot the blasted spell,
With hope, when seen, the progress you'll repel.
Presto—*a bill* presents itself to sight,
Due, with indorsers' names o'ercover'd quite:
Drawer, *a youth* of fashion and expence;
Acceptor, such another, void of sense;
Indorsers, first, a broken broker; now,
An o'ergrown money-lender's name I vow;
"Another yet!—I'll see no more." We must,
Or fail to execute the promis'd trust.
These six that follow are the lawyer's friends,
Or *clerks*, whose names assist his roguish ends.
Now mark! this little bill of twenty pound,
Shall prove a fortune, ere the year roll round.

* So villainously profitable is this traffic, that 20*l.* has been given for a bill of 10*l.* by one of these jobbers.

We'll

We'll now inquire for what this bill arose:
Was't for their bookseller, or was't for cloaths?
Neither! a trifling sum they wish'd to raise,
Or for the joy of youth, for wine, or plays.
The papers taught them rapidly t'obtain,
What ev'ry paper offers, golden grain;
They give their bill, the man * of straw proceeds
To twist, and turn it, somewhere he succeeds.
With *woollen, linnen*, or with *wooden pails*,
Buckles, or *buttons*, or a *bag of nails*.
If those won't do, he makes the matter sure,
His 'polst'rer deals in charming furniture †!
The goods are sold, loss *fifty* full per cent:
"Ten pounds for twenty!" Well, they part content.
The bolder flies to bless his scriv'ner's‡ sight,
With the new lovely morsel of delight;
Certain default of payment at the first!
But *then*, an ample crop to ripeness nurs'd,
A prize for ingenuity to work,
Where law's broad loom may figure ev'ry quirk,
'Tis grasp'd with thanks, grows due, and as declar'd,
Neglected lies—*direct* the oath's prepar'd.
Ten writs are issu'd, *two* requiring bail,
The rest are sleepers till we close the tale.
Now declaration comes, *defence* grows warm,
But *pleas* and *paper books* conclude *this term*.

* The advertizer.

† There are certain pawnbrokers, silversmiths, woollen-drapers, mercers, &c. &c. who profess this traffic solely.

‡ Scrivener and bill doer often halve the costs.

Inquiries

Inquiries next (vacation's leisure) please,
A sheriff's jury gives with so much ease.
Now, term again, with judgment at its heels,
The full completion of extortion seals.
A writ of error here, were slight avail,
Here * 'tis the debt, and not the man to bail.
What's to be done? with money unprepar'd;
The thoughtless youths attend, a little scar'd.
They bow—the well-prepar'd attorney smiles,
And with his oily words their fears beguiles.
"They only want a *little time*"—'tis giv'n;
Warrants † are sign'd, for weeks, some six or sev'n,
Including ev'ry cost, both great and small,
Brokers, indorsers, friendly rogues, and all;
Judgment *now* due, the costs close tax'd are found,
On actions ten—exactly each ten pound:
Now, money present, if they have it, goes,
Else from *post-obit contracts* date new woes.

By arts like these these chambers ‡ are upheld,
These arts, books, music, mirrors, paintings yield,
Dress, tavern, horses, mistress, country seat;
These self-created business gives complete.

* When bail to a writ of error is given, the undertaking is *for the debt*, not to produce *the party only*, in case he loses the cause; therefore more difficult to be obtained.

† That is, a confession of the damages.

‡ The hero designed by this portrait has left the Temple, but resides within an hundred miles of it.

Two

Two * of law's great abuses thus pourtray'd,
Within the reach of thy all-healing aid;
Observe, good Kenyon! be thy country's friend!
And bring these growing evils to an end.
Let no attorney in such traffic deal,
Which to prevent, mark each cramm'd writ they seal,
And mark the *plaintiff's*; often you'll disclose,
A name that does not wear the plaintiff's nose:
Slaves † who've no int'rest, as *the suit* pretends,
Mere ready engines for the bill-man's ends.

Another stain, to *study*, *science*, *law*,
Whence petty scriv'ners their resources draw;
Who, sure to find an advocate of name,
Pliant to torture *truth*, and varnish shame,
In spite of *reason*, *evidence*, and *sense*,
Their forte the force of mighty impudence,
Protect *chicane* with rhet'ric's glossy shew,
And gain a verdict (oft we wonder) *how?*
Calls, loudly calls *thy* reprobation down,
Whose upright bearing all are free to own.

For, Heav'n! what weight his conscience must uphold,
Who martyrs innocence for sake of gold!

* Iniquity of special pleading, and bill jobbing attorney's practice.

† If the C. J. would order an alphabetical list of all writs issued, containing the plaintiffs' and attornies' names, to be delivered him on the first day of every term, much light would be thrown on this dark subject.

Who

Who, knowing when th' oppreſſor brings a brief,
Wants the small virtue to return the leaf,
Or tread it underneath his honest feet,
And shew where *learning is*, is *Lonor's* seat.

But see our exit—Mitre Court's in view;
Templar's farewel—we'll travel "eastward ho!"

END OF PART FIRST.

ABUSES

OF THE

LAW.

PART II.

THE CITY.

"While thus *we* play the fool with the times,
"The spirits of the wise sit in the clouds
"And mock us."

DURNFORD * and East to distance we consign,
Nor envy them their slow wealth-yielding mine;
They can but reap as lagging terms roll round,
While our reports diurnal mischiefs sound.
'Ere we ascend the hill †, abuse of law
Stand full confess'd in whom ‡ we next will draw;
A *now attorney*, t'other day a blade,
Of gen'ral depredations slight-hand trade;
A *broker, sharper, jobber*, ev'ry wile,
Long tried in vain, long lost to fortune's smile;

* Modern reporters. † Ludgate-Hill.

‡ This worthy is also moved, and lives now almost in the heart of the city.

But

But one path left for infamy to tread,
This *Son of Israel*, flew *to law* for bread.
Scarce yet sev'n years are gone since huge distress,
Saw him uncoil'd, and shrunk to nothingness:
Somehow (a *Proteus*) to the court he stole,
And swell'd the number of the *monst'rous roll*;
And quite transform'd, e'en Moses faith thrown by,
Started with *Christian name*, and *new nam'd fam'ly*.
It seems success of some sort has ensu'd,
Or whence his equipage, and horse of blood;
Whence each expence, the man of fashion meets,
Supported *now*, by who once swept the streets.
Perhaps a *kindred luck* augur'd his mind,
"Become a lawyer, and (sense cast behind):
Be only *rogue enough*; act, know not fear,
Shortly the sweets of practice will appear.
Hunt rotten merchants out, their secrets gain,
To whom they owe, by whom are ow'd obtain.
If they've some credit left! your genius here,
Rides in duplicity's meridian sphere.
Advise a while th' accommodating plan,
At private meetings to assist each man;
Paper machin'ry's well suggested use,
The momentary evils may amuse;
Bid creditor and debtor jointly draw,
They'll, jointly failing, yield resource to law.
Awhile supported thus, you'll gain your ends,
They dare not meet as foes, they must be friends.
To you they fly, *your friendship* draws the net,
And *ten commissions* swell the next Gazette:
But ere a docket's struck, *you*, knowing all,
The crazy scantlings that upheld their fall,

Cautious try round, half words effect your end,
Whoe'er are assignees your zeal commend.
They must, they know, you can a tale unfold,
Will cause the banker's clerk to cry, 'hold, hold,'
When next for discount's aid their bills are brought;
Thus, by *your* scales, *they're* yet of weight, or nought;
To your good guidance *forc'd*, each cause they yield,
To *you* commit the harvest of the field.
Ten men's estates thus grasp'd at once, and none
Who dare inspect, or ask, 'Pray, what is done?'
You, assignees and *bankrupt*, being as one,
Plunder's the word; as good debts come to hand,
Sue for *bad debts** to make *your* balance stand.
Years pass on years, at last suppose the worst,
With which *a nursing docket-hunter's* curs'd;
A dividend demanded, fruitless call!
Your labour, vouche's, suits, have swallow'd all!'"

There are, of truth, who will with grief declare,
Such games are play'd from hence to Finsb'ry's square;
The city thro', each street, each alley yields
Mildews of law, that blight the merchants' fields.

To sweep such from the wholesome face of trade,
And leave the just poor man to just men's aid,
Without chicanry's intermediate theft,
To garble, sift, and wrench the remnant left,

* There is an incident of this sort, well attested, in an attorney of the city, who, becoming bankrupt, had the address to prevail on his assignees to let *him* recover the debts due to his estate; the consequence was, that he soon produced a balance in his own favour.

Were

Were no Augean task. Of assignees
What is the use? To swell the lawyer's fees,
That each attendance one may aptly mark,
And keep for t'other matters in the dark.
Oft hand-in-hand trustee, and man of law,
Draw, turn by turn, till nought is left to draw;
And then *walk off†, which long before they'd done,
But that some bankrupt's store their state held on.

Abolish assignees‡, they're frauds on fraud,
Defin'd, exemplified, oft mean *maraud*.

'Tis easy! and would gain the nation praise;
Wou'd give the *honest failer* halcyon days;
He'd know the law of right, by which he fell,
Wou'd bear him through; that his estate wou'd tell
Its full amount: Misfortune's full spring tide
None can avert, yet honour still may ride
Buoyant o'er all. And as, at storm's subside,
The well caulk'd vessel floats in unhurt pride;
So he again clear'd bright, and cleans'd his ways,
Might sail to fortune's isle thro' prosp'rous seas:
Now, without hope, the *Goodwin law* his bane,
Recoverless he sinks, and joins its ooz-sunk train.

* No *scrivener* (attorney) should have his certificate when bankrupt, till the clients he has defrauded are satisfied. At present a gross abuse on the bankrupt laws.

† Assignees should be obliged to find security against breach of trust—the sum according to the magnitude of the dealings of the bankrupt, which should be settled by the commissioners.

‡ This might be well done. The manner is too long for insertion here.

So must it be, till some strong balm is found,
To stay this noisome canker's eating wound;
The fine * impos'd will be of use, but still
There much remains t' eradicate of ill.

'Tis no uncommon thing to see a boy
Leap from the shoe-black's and the groom's employ
Behind the desk. His merit? He's so keen,
Five years elapse, an imp of law is seen;
What can the wretch unknown, but hunt his bread,
He may be honest, yet he must be fed:
No patrimonial income to assist,
'Till reputable bus'ness brings its grist.
He must ferment, disreputable strife,
By that maintain a sad nefarious life.
Soon he becomes obnoxious to the court,
And once so mark'd grows callous to retort;
By dire necessity's strong hand borne down,
And in chicane's full scope a master grown,
Still plunges onward, just within the mark,
That keeps him on the roll a noted shark;
Dreaded by all, his formidable name
Produces clients of co-equal fame.
Thus, so prepar'd to white-wash dirty work,
His practice gets in this one point—a quirk.

O'er some such single caitiff, mercy's veil,
Pity, perchance, shou'd draw, his faults conceal,

* The fine on admission 100'.

Extenuate

Extenuate with sighs his fated shame,
And say—" Who such enrol * shou'd take some blame."

Another crew, more formidable still,
Graduates of theft, school'd doctors of each ill,
Tradesmen decay'd (who, pass'd the rubicon,
Certificate, by friendly debts and fraud led on,
Clear'd out by *act of parliament*, survive,
To all law's errors, ev'ry shift alive),
Augment the list—'twere vain to point to one,
And cry, " Behold, lo there's a corner stone!
This was a *mercer* †, that a *draper*, he
Sold *woollen cloth*, and *he* sold *hosiery*,"
Till self sold up, he thought ' what next to be;'
Law asks no stock ‡, and I'm but forty-three.
That I have seen, and *that I know* will do;
Oaths, and a fee well plac'd will bear me thro'."—
Attornies now, each spreads his well lim'd snare,
And strides Guildhall as tho' he'd ne'er been there.

Amazing such *abuse* shou'd pass so long,
And not provoke or truth's or satire's tongue!
Oh for the force of language, to narrate
The arts by which such villains hold their state!

* That is, who article such paupers, and then turn them loose to prey on the distressed.

† At least an hundred of the present London attornies have been bankrupts in other trades, and took to the law, as the *ne plus ultra* to obtain, or rather enforce a livelihood under.

‡ *No stock* to set up in trade with.

To make those laugh who are above their reach,
Teach those to shun who're falling in their breach;
Who, deeming aid resultant from their smile,
Are sure at last to pay for us'ry's guile;
But lacking *wit*, *more* faults undeck'd we'll bare,
And trust by good intent some fame to share.

Is it not strange that law's perplexities
Shou'd be acquir'd in full with so much ease,
That in *five years* a raw untutor'd youth,
Can pace a lab'rynth of nine cent'ry's growth;
Know ev'ry track, each mazy path unwind,
As tho' the turnpike road were left behind?
Be *law* or *equity* before him laid,
No case too hard, he's master of his trade!
The meanest mechanist that turns a wheel,
The veriest grub who lives by sawing deal,
The barber, cobler, taylor (ninth of man),
All serve sev'n years, ere competent to plan:
Meanwhile, thro' custom's fault, in five short years*,
The scarcely bearded boy a sage appears;
Join'd, by admission, to a horde of rooks,
With *chambers*, *clerk*, *bag*, *black coat*, *ink*, and *books*,
With jargon technical he can't translate,
Nods his advice, his client's adverse fate!
Thus oft *an heir*, an *orphan*, *widow's* barr'd,
Whose case, tho' just, such ignorance has marr'd.

* If the law apprenticeship extended to seven years, they would not only be qualified when admitted, but the great evil, *encrease of practitioners* would be prevented; then, in seven years, the same number as are now admitted in five, would only be enrolled.

Shou'd

Shou'd we pursue our desultory range,
From Paul's void aisles, e'en to the crowded 'Change,
Small diff'rence shou'd we mark, except in name,
The acting motive nearly is the same—
Bus'ness! it matters not if good or bad,
So long as bleeding clients can be had.
Hence the disgrace that soils a noble shrine,
Which cleans'd of such, as pristine, were divine.

But soft, we'll backward tread, and westward shew,
Who spurning *law*, to lawless Baal bow.

END OF PART SECOND.

ABUSES

OF THE

LAW.

PART III.

THE SUBURBS.

"*Quæritur mixtæ* urnam movet, ille silentum
"Consilium vocat, et *vitæ*, et *criminis* discit."

VIRGIL ÆN. B. 6. 432.

TRUTH, our fair herald, thus far have we dar'd,
And dauntless plung'd amid the pois'nous herd,
Ev'n 'gainst the chiefs, the giants of deceit,
Have kept the field with justice' stedfast feet.
Thus *having* dar'd the leaders to uncasque,
And crucibled perversion's threefold * mask,
Barefac'd their hellish agents we'll display,
And drag to light, altho' they'd shun the day.

Up —— lane, then bearing to the left,
A nuisance is beheld, a den of theft,

* Special pleading, bill jobbing, and impertinence of council.

Head

Head quarters* of oppression, which demands,
Speedy extinction at compassion's hands;
And pity, justice, mercy, honor say,
These cells † of rapine should be swept away.
To prove it, *knock*; behold! a brute uncouth ‡,
Like Cerb'rus station'd at Avernus' mouth,
The door unlocks; enter, the keeper see
‖ *Briareus handed*, each stretch'd forth with glee,
Simp'ring he smiles, and hopes for each a fee.
"An *hundred fees!* for what? what favours, grace?"
"Patience! We'll reckon them by scores apace:
Twenty for taking first your word when freed;
Twenty for letters, bidding you take heed;
Twenty for bail-bonds I'll fill up to-day;
Twenty for poundage I must some time pay;
The *twenty last* are worth full forty quid §,
You know I wou'd not see you when I did."

These are mere nothingnesses—*these*, the gay,
The dissipated, thoughtless spendthrifts pay,
Who, while they have a *bank-note* ¶ left, may still
Ensure avoidance from this cave of ill;

That

* Spunging houses.

† In one of these receptacles of extortion, the *floor*, scarce 20 feet square, is divided into four apartments; each room is six shillings per day. There are twelve or fourteen of these rooms, which are almost always all full, about 25l. per week!

‡ The porter.

‖ This *handy* gentleman is said to have had an hundred *palms*.

§ The bailiff's cant word for a guinea.

¶ There is one curious method of extortion practised by these gentry in the case of execution against goods, viz. As soon as the levy

That wanting, soon the specious brow's o'ercast,
They're snapp'd, they're dogg'd, the word—"*got home at last.*"

The cynic here may smile, he'as right, to see,
A bailiff's sideboard, and his library;
To see his wine free flowing, and his dress,
Equal the gentleman's of former days:
To hear him boast of buying freehold lands,
With rapine squeez'd from mis'ry's clammy hands.

Various the ways by which the plunder's made,
In these barr'd dungeons, diabolic trade:
First, if *th' entrapp'd* requires to see a friend,
Whose presence may the present trouble end,
The house's messenger won't stir a foot,
'Till doubly paid a sum (without) wou'd do't.
If *mis'ry* thirsts, no slacking draft can come,
Unless it bear encreas'd taxation's doom.

Next, search of office two and sixpence takes,
In office-hours*, when not, 'tis double stakes;

levy is made, Mr. Bailiff waits on the defendant, and gives him to understand, unless *civility money* is copiously given, the broker must instantly move the effects. This is practised so often, and so successfully, when the defendant means to settle the debt, that keeping the execution in is enormously expensive; for, every instant Mr. Officer has occasion to squeeze, he attends with, "*I must move, by God! the carts are come,*" &c.

* Surely the sheriff's office might be open from nine till nine, for the purpose of search; it would save great impositions to the unhappy.

And

And chance deliv'rance prove on holiday,
Then sev'n and sixpence must be paid, or stay.

Th' hotel's expences form the monst'rous mass,
Tho' here each pays as each wretch likes to class;
The first-floor's * grandeur is at nobles' price,
For menials there are rooms not quite so nice.
Each may be squeez'd as each can bear or pay,
From half-a-crown to one pound one per day.
Thus truly coop'd, and waiting destiny,
Each hapless spunge may stay till perfect dry:
When *guineas* fail, *halves* do, then *crowns, half crowns,*
The threat of Newgate, till return day drowns!

Disgustful as this is to read, or hear,
Pity 'tis true, to wound a British ear!

Now, down the Strand, half down, then halt, near here,
Resides an o'ergrown money-lending seer,
Whose worthiness, if wealth cou'd purchase fame,
Might bid defiance to reproach or shame,
Might tell the trembl'ing thriftless ruin'd heir,
Whene'er he tax'd him with the *six years'* † snare,
" *I've wrong'd you not!* 'twas specie fairly lent,
At int'rest barely *seventeen per cent.*
If in six years your father *won'd not* die,
And the *sum's doubled*, who's to blame? Not I!
The law allows it ‡; you have had your day,

* Why not abolish these arbitrary nuisances, and establish others under limited expences?

† Annuities at six years purchase.

‡ More's the pity! " *The law allows it,*" is Shylock's reply.—Vide *Merchant of Venice.*

And

And I've security enough to pay.
Talk not to me of '*family once great,*'
Of pict'ur'd halls and woods—stuff out of date;
Bring me my bond's amount, or else, with speed,
Your cov'nant's broke, beneath the forfeit deed,
Your oaks I'll fell, to Christie* with your land,
He'll find a nabob buyer out of hand."

Thus of an ancient heritage betray'd,
Ere in the earth his sire is scarcely laid;
Full many a blooming youth, of promise great,
Laments in exile his purloin'd estate,
And sees *a wretch* (the Indians' curse) preside,
Lord of his soil, an early baron's pride,
Giv'n in the field as glory's just reward,
For patriot worth, or being his monarch's guard.

Six year's † annuities, destructive price!
Wou'd eat up Europe's treasure in a trice;
'Tis blam'd by all, yet 'mong such holder's see ‡
Ladies of rank, and lords of industry,
Stern senators, who this day blame *war's waste,*
To-morrow sign at home such judgment's ‖ rich repast.

* A great auctioneer, and worthy character.

† Often so bought on two and three lives.

‡ For this purpose search the annuity enrollment office.

‖ If, instead of enrollment only, the names of grantor and grantee, sums granted, and consideration, was obliged to be put in the Gazette within one month from the purchase, it would check the evil, and let any false statement of *names* or sums vitiate the contract.

Enough:

Enough: the jackalls to this tribe we'll view,
And justly lay them down in sombrous hue,
Dub them in colours that can never fade,
Dark brown the ground, and black the pencil'd shade.
Enter this square, let's see if *Tom's* at home:
"A chariot's at the door!—some client's come."
"A client, nonsense! they're his own four wheels,
Got by superfluous skins* and useless seals."
What tho' his father scarcely had a shoe,
Tom's a conveyancer, has much to do,
Or makes it, 'tis the same! His progress mark,
Hall-sweeper, office-sweeper, then a clerk:
A man of bus'ness tried his grov'ling mind,
And found its bias strong to pelf inclin'd;
Himself grown old, and almost past deceit,
Took him in firm, and renovated *cheat*;
Thence date his rise, if rise that state you name,
Which hourly fits him for the pill'ry's shame;
Memorial'd grants proclaim him *man of wealth*,
While robb'd grantees proclaim him *man of stealth*.
Such is *this wretch*, fatt'ning a dross of vice
On *half-pay's pittance*, bought at half its price.

* *This worthy* frequently covers six skins of parchment with various other legal appendants, such as bond, judgment, deed of covenant, &c. and to annuities of 20l. and 30l., the purchase about 120l., expences nearly 30l., so that in one year the annuity of 30l. is half refunded, viz.

Costs	—	—	—	*L.*	30	0	0
Arrears	—	—	—		30	0	0
And if paid off, generally a quarter of a year is given for leave	—	—	—		15	0	0
				L.	75	0	0

This chariot to support, the hardy tar
Endures the dangers of uncertain war;
And here, escap'd the onset's bloody fray,
The vet'ran of the field yields up his pay.

Comments are useless, words would fail of weight,
To crush this worm that gnaws th' unfortunate;
The hand of pow'r must root this evil out,
From whose fell trunk new suckers * daily shoot.

Tho' last, not least, of the destructive race,
The *advertising spawn* must take *their* place;
Those who, without a guinea at command,
Proffer "*Immediate coin* to *heirs of land*,
To *jointur'd widows*, and *expectant peers*,
Or *merchants of repute* who've disappointment's fears."
Take up *the Herald*, *Times*, or *Morning Post*,
Each page invites to the pactolian coast;
"*The bank for money*," is a specious name,
And "*Craig's Court Office*" boasts peculiar fame;
"*Great George-street*" some prefer, some few "*SoSo*;"
Knock where they will, they knock for *certain woe*.

But what of that? if money *must be had*,
And, with imagin'd want, a youth's run mad,
Eager he'll dart, and, like the speckled trout,
With artifice's fly, deep barb, his snout
Once hook'd, the more he plunges, less his force,
He's lugg'd on shore to sign *his worth's divorce!*

* The office of this hero has just launched *two solicitors*, who, in the neighbourhood of Grosvenor-square, depredate in their master's manner.

If chance he pants, and will not yield his breath,
Swift *execution* stamps his *freedom's death*;
On King's Bench shamble lies, or Fleet's parade,
Sad victim *to the money lending trade!*
Urg'd on *by truth* our proem to support,
One specimen we'll give of such resort.

Suppose the applicant of rank supreme,
Here dabbling first in money's pebbled stream,
His name announc'd, next morning gives a card,
Directing, *to deception's* master-ward.

Hope, pleasure, passion, all are brought in play,
Flatt'ry's perspective is *so rich, so gay,*
Innum'rous liv'ry'd lacqueys at th' approach,
And at the door a gaudy court-like coach;
To dinner ask'd, the wond'ring boy stares round,
Sees courses change, and hears the silver sound:
Libation follows of the best French wine,
The dames retire, the master springs *the mine.*
Money's the theme—a Pall Mall draft succeeds,
" *Return to-morrow, and we'll sign the deeds.*"
They part, protesting *one* with cash *to-day,*
T'other with schemes that ten-fold will repay

The lad returns right punctual to the hour,
Signs what's prepar'd, and treads the crouded floor.
Night, dark-brow'd night, brings on the grand attack,
He *now must play,* or *losing players* back.
Wine ply'd, and dazzled with the blaze of light,
He *drinks, laughs, punts,* and empts his pockets quite:

Again return'd into its former course,
Again he borrows *that* was late *his purse*;
Again he loses, signs while signing's good,
And grants till payment is past likelihood.
Perchance *then* wakes, *then* finding he's deceiv'd;
What can he do? by what means be reliev'd?
Remonstrance! *foolish*! Shou'd a murmur break,
A villain's honour sets his life at stake.
Thus robb'd, he *must submit*, or else maintain
The hazard of a bullet thro' his brain.

By *ways and means*, like these, each parent's dread,
Here false magnificence uprears its head;
Here usury thron'd, presides in high career,
And daily gripes for each to-morrow's fare;
"To-morrow's and to-morrow's" luck the same,
News-paper, puff-trap, yields supply of *game*.

These dreadful facts are known thro' all the town,
From ermin'd peers, e'en to their porters down;
From merchants of the highest rank, to those
Who buy bad shillings, or who vend old cloaths.

'Tis *your's*, and cannot be in abler hands,
Ye present delegates of heav'n's commands,
To crush these dire abusers of the law,
Whom truth has dar'd for virtue's sake to draw;
To scrape the moss from off the noble pile,
And shew it in our great forefather's style,
Grand, simply elegant, earth's purest code,
By freemen form'd, inspir'd and taught by God.

'Bove

'Bove all the world's Britannia's inward boast,
Strong as the cliffs that guard her rocky coast.
Well ye've begun, and well shall be repaid,
Immortaliz'd, your names shall never fade;
Ages to come, feeling the good effect,
Must grateful pay such mem'ry's due respect,
Whose strength of genius stemm'd *for public good*,
Corruption's, *rapine's*, and *perversion's* flood.

I could not avoid obſerving an exact parallel between the Lilliputian and Britiſh money harpies. As for many other parts of the poem, they were in a great degree incomprehenſible to me, from being ignorant of the cuſtoms of that country; but I hope, for the honour of that nation, the pictures are mere caracatures. It was now late; I packed up the materials neceſſary for my journey, and retired to reſt.

CHAP. XVI.

Visits the Fleet—Puts it in good State—Returns to Fluhnduhnna—which he finds in Confusion, owing to Sevrese's having written a bad Book—Sevrese tried and hanged—Visit from Pekrub—Gives him his Sentiments—differs with him—Messenger arrives from Blefescu *to treat of Peace—Goes to Elsac Sinwrod—Brings Log-Ereg to his Way of thinking—and returns with Commission to see and hear the Ambassadors.*

MY *compagnons de voyage* were with me betimes, and after a very pleasant journey arrived at the port. We were joined by *Norab Nor-pesc*—he was manager of the navy. After the usual salutations, *it* was agreed we should spend the day together in merriment, and the following morning proceed to business.

Never had I been so entertained since my arrival in Lilliput. Every hour encreased my astonishment: And I began to think, that with his tactical assistance, and my gold, we should obtain the desideratum of conquest. In short, he

he was the only miniſter I had obſerved, fit for the ſtation he was placed in.

I equipped myſelf á la marine; for, from the whole ſtock of a ſlop-ſhop, I procured linen ſufficient for a pair of trowſers. I ſat all the taylors in the town to work, and time enough for our embarkation, had them ready to put on. VANITY once more (and for the laſt time during this my firſt expedition to Lilliput) obtruded her ready aſſiſtance—my *cork jacket* was the immediate offspring of her conception; it *had* ſaved *me* from drowning, and I reſolved *it ſhould ſave a nation.*

"A hit! a palpable hit!"

Great minds always endeavour to apply compariſons from the *great* of antiquity to ſuit their own ſituations, whether as excuſes for vice, or parallels of virtue. I exclaimed with a poet I have ſomewhere read,

"Some are *born great,*
"Some *atchieve greatness,*
"And ſome have *greatness thrust upon them.*"

A naval eſcort and band of muſic ſummoned me to the beach; clad in my trowſers, my cork jacket next my ſkin, my ſhirt only over it,

it, and ſlippered, I attended. *Vilpi Tico* and *Ner-peſc* were waiting in their ſtate barges. I walked into the ocean; a ſalute was fired from the whole fleet, which lay about a Blefeſcudian furlong from us; the boats puſhed off, and, Neptune like, I majeſtically ſtalked between them. From topmaſt to the hold of every ſhip I examined with attention; much was wanting to enable them to keep the ſea with effect againſt ſo formidable an enemy. I had ſtore of ammunition, which I determined patriotically to give; I had alſo gold (ſufficient for what could be purchaſed) neceſſary. The means of keeping ſome of the old hulks (which were mere parade) above the water, was the only difficulty that occurred; *that too* was in my power: But as the enemy's intelligence was by ſome means or other always conveyed ſo timely, as to prevent the great deſigns formed againſt them having effect, I did not communicate, even to my colleagued miniſters, the ready repair in my poſſeſſion; ſo, only looking very gravely, I ſhook my head, and deſired the fleet might return to port. The [illegible]hors were weighed, and the evening

ſaw

saw us all safe in harbour. I dispatched trusty messengers to the capital for my ammunition and gold; and knowing they could not return until the following evening (under pretence of being fatigued), I retired as to repose, but, in fact, to prepare for the preservation of my trust.

The gabbling of geese saved *Rome*;

The magnanimous *relief* of *Gibraltar* was effected *by a fog*—and,

The *cork jacket* of *Gulliver* was to save *Lilliput*.

I had in my pocket the hammer and pincers with which I so happily cured Log-Ereg: *Sacred instruments!* more fit, as being more useful, to be deposited for the admiration of futurity, than *the milk*, *the blood*, or *black members of imaginary prophets*.

I pulled off my jacket, with a penknife ripped it open, took out its intestines, and piece by piece put them in my pocket. At the expected time, the couriers (in twenty covered waggons) arrived with my money and stores. With ecstacy, known only to breasts preferring public to private interest, I saw it unladen.

I now

I now almoſt ſtood alone; for *few*, very *few*, from ten thouſand years before Adam to the preſent hour (*Vilpi Tico*, *Vil-Grin*, *Dunheldaſhio* excepted), ever experienced the bliſs.

I thought every hour two, till daylight enabled me to go to my taſk. With one coat pocket full of pieces of cork, the other full of gunpowder, my waiſtcoat and breeches pockets crammed with gold, I ſallied to the dock-yard: I was determined to do my work effectually. I forgot to mention, that being frequently troubled with the ear-ach, I always carried with me a ſyringe for injecting my head: This was of great uſe. I began with the firſt ſhip I came to; I peeped into all the decks through the port holes, and deſired the commander to ſtate his wants minutely. He ſaid,

"They had ſix foot water in the hold, had no powder, very little biſcuit, and the pay of the men in arrear."

I took out my ſyringe, and at one exhauſtion cleared the water. I then took a piece of cork, with which I ſtuffed the hold. She roſe imme-

immediately to her proper failing depth, and three cheers thanked me for my ſervice. I next gave out a ſufficiency of ammunition and gold, for *this* my firſt recovered patient, and ſo proceeded till I had doctored the whole fleet. I was on an average about five minutes employed on each veſſel, ſo that by noon I ſaw my work complete; and being deſirous that a deciſive blow might compel the Blefeſcudians to ſolicit peace, the commander in chief, at my requeſt, immediately got under weigh; and by the time I joined my companions, the whole armament was in its ſtation again, and only waiting a favourable breeze (fully cleanſed, repaired and ſtored) to launch into the main, and hurl defiance at the enemy.

Though unnoticed I proceeded to my work, not ſo my return to my comrades; the magiſtrates and municipality of the town were drawn out to meet me, and the Governor (as he appeared by the conſequential ſtep he aſſumed) advancing, in the name of himſelf and of his brethren, repeated a ſort of ſpeech of thanks, hundreds of which I remembered to have read in the diurnal prints of Fluhn-

duhnna,

duhnna, addreſſed to various perſons who had ridden through towns, or done the honour of *laughing at a good dinner*.

Complaiſance, and properly ſubmitting to the cuſtom of nations, rendered me (ſeemingly) vaſtly pleaſed with *the diſtinguiſhed honour done me:* They, ſubjoining ſome little common cant of loyalty, &c. went away, and we departed on our journey back to Fluhnduhnna.

FLUHNDUHNNA.

Although abſent only ſo ſhort a ſpace, we found the metropolis in confuſion. *Ner-peſe* and myſelf were not otherways affected by the diſſentient murmurings which reached our ears, than as expreſſing our mutual wonder at the occaſion; but Vilpi Tico (whether or not conſcious of the cauſe, of which *I however* was ignorant) trembled exceedingly; indeed his fears became ſo great for perſonal ſafety, that he ſolicited my protection. Where could I hide him beſt? My piſtols were in my girdle; I was convinced they could not be wreſted from my gripe; ſo, legs foremoſt, I popped him

him into one of the barrels. The crowd at the door was far more immenſe than at my departure, but very different the reaſon of its aſſemblage.

"*No Vilpi Tico!*"

"*No Sevreſe!*"

"*No Spies!*"

Were the unpleaſant articulations uttered on our alighting. I was hemmed in, and (without hurting) hardly knew how to clear the populace. A thought ſtruck me—*to fire one* of my piſtols in the air. By miſtake (God pardon me for the unintended accident!) I took out *that* charged with

Vilpi Tico.

Ner-peſe ſaw my error (by his *little leg* hanging out of the mouth), and ſaved him, or I had undoubtedly fired *him* off amongſt them.

Perhaps, in the annals of hiſtory, *no hero* hitherto was ſo fortunately, yet miraculouſly, ſaved from deſtruction.

However dull the aggregate of these travels may prove, yet as the saving of *Vilpi Tivo's* life is a fact, known, and *indubitably recorded*, ages to come shall bless the chance, and *Nerpesc* with *Gulliver junior*, be remembered, *in perpetuo*, for their care of

LILLIPUT'S ARISTIDES.

A CORPSE

A CORPSE.

A DREADFUL SCENE.

" *One* so spiritless, so pale,
" Drew *Priam's curtain* at the dead of night,
(Tho' in thoſe days they had not curtains.)
And wou'd have told him half his Troy was burn'd."

Just ſo did *Pekrub*, meeting on my ſtair-caſe, addreſs me; adding, ſublimely and pathetically,

" He's gone! he's gone! the prince of spies is gone!
The *Pook*—the *swinish multitude*—*the rope*—
The curs'd determinors!—But, ah! he's hang'd!
Oh! death to pride—For, take him plot for plot,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

I perceived, by this burst of ſympathetic affection, ſome accident had happened to the ſo juſtly-meriting-praiſe, cautious *Sevreſe*. Condoling by action I followed him to my antichamber, whither, for ſafety, to preſerve it from the inſults of an enraged maſs, they had carried it, as I conjectured—'twas *Sevreſe's*. Around it in melancholy mood were ſitting, *Orebluff*, *Hactham*, *Dunbeldaſhio Nave-Npnace*, and *Eſor*.

The awful ſilence uſual at ſuch meetings

was, for its due time, observed. When I thought they had sobbed sufficiently, I ventured to ask, "What had occasioned the melancholy scene before us?" *Pekrub* starting up, pulled from his bosom, with theatric air, a *little pamphlet*, bound in black, and had power only to utter,

"*These* blessed leaves!!!
And tho' they fully picture right *divine*,
Yet, for this noble work, he's tried, he's hang'd!!!"

Down he sat, and gave himself up to sorrow. *Esor* next rose:

"The dead we can't recall; he did his best:
And living was well paid in places, pensions.
He's gone, 'tis true; 'tis meet we seek his equal.
Proceed to read his will, then bury him."

This called up *Nave Npnaee*, who produced

THE WILL.

"This is the last will and testament of me, *Espio Sevrese*. As it is uncertain whether I shall be hanged in chains or not, I say nothing of my burial.

"Not having the luck to be an *acquitted felon*, my personals may be in the power of the state; but as I possessed virtues which constitutional authority cannot divest my legatees of till

till they receive *my fate*, I diſpoſe as follows:

"Imprimis, To my dear friend *Orobluff*, my conſtancy in political friendſhip, which I hope will bear him ſafe through every change and ſhift.

"To my dear friend *Pekrub* all my manuſcripts, among which will be found many valuable notes of ſuſpected perſons, collected at great expence from confidential relatives and ſervants of thoſe intended to be entrapped. Theſe, diſcretionally uſed, may produce him *another penſion*.

"To my moſt eſteemed friend *Vilpi Tico*, my ſcarce collection of 500 curious keys, claſſically arranged, which open every door of the royal apartments from the *hall door* to the *back-ſtairs water-cloſet*. Theſe were the firſt valuable gift to me from his dear protector alſo, *Quarmſi*, *Gam-cub-Nibk*, and I hope he will eſteem them accordingly.

"To my beloved fellow-labourers in the ſtate vineyard in the arduous, painful, gainful, hateful taſk of eaveſdropping and evidence gathering, *Nave-Npnace* and *Eſor*, my perſeverance, apathetic front, and reſolution to endure

dure (when their time comes) my ſimilar fate. The above being all in my power to beſtow, I hereby ſubſcribe my name.

" ESPIO SEVRESE.

Witness—" *Tru-Eb-Notri*,
" *Crean-Dhuy*."

This ſolemnity over, the legatees (perfectly ſatisfied with the liberal donations) ſeemed comfortably relieved. The burial was unanimouſly voted to *Pekrub's* management, who accepted the ſame as a mark of high honour. All except him departed, *we* were left together. After a few deep ſighs, jumps, and ſtarts, he broke ſilence:

" We can't recall the dead! but *we can kill!*
We will! and drive to hell this hell-born crew;
These Blefescudian curs'd king-ſlaying dogs.
Shall we not, comrade? say, hah! ſhall we not!"

I thought I ſhould have burſt into laughter; but biting my tongue, and recollecting for a moment, I replied,

" Peace, peace will be better far.
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?
Peace! let us meddle not—or further burn our fingers,
Get snubb'd i' th' noſe—or haply ſinge our beards."

I thought

I thought I had juſt hit off his own nonſenſical verboſe ſtyle, and he ſaw I meant it ironically. A ſallowiſh fluſh ſuffus'd his cheek—I was almoſt ſorry I had played on his dotage. However, I had gone too far to retract; for my ſentiments, though ſarcaſtically given, were given according to the dictation of my heart. He anſwered not, but wrapped himſelf up in a long black cloak, and (the very *fac-ſimile* of an old monk leaving a death-bed, where no alms were left to his monaſtery) ſullenly walked off.

As I wiſhed to repoſe, and not liking the *memento mori* even of a grub in my dormitory, I ſpread my handkerchief on the floor, and in it, tying up *Sevreſe* and his funereal decorations, carried them (to be out of my way) to the leaſt honoured apartment—my ——

A ſtateſman knows no reſt—I had hardly compoſed myſelf, when *Vilpi Tico* knocked me up.—Ceremony was at an end. "*Glulplew*," ſaid he, "You muſt go with me directly to *Log-Ereg*; your armament has terrified the *Bleſeſcudians*; they have ſent commiſſioners to treat.

"Thank

" Thank God (said I)! peace then shall wave her wings,
And parents cease to wail fresh murder'd sons."

" I ſuſpect!" ſaid he coldly: " But come, haſte, we muſt go to *Log-Ereg*."

LAST VISIT TO *ELSAC-SINWROD*.

Log-Ereg met us, embraced me, and exclaimed—

" Done well—done well—frighten'd 'em: But don't like peace—can't make peace—won't make peace!"

" Sire," I replied, "*you* have uſed me honourably—I thank you, and hope I have deſerved. I have beſtowed *all* I had to give, and thereby have brought a formidable enemy to ſue to you for peace.—Your ſubjects are exhauſted!—If you, *yourſelf* will, from your amazing private treaſures, furniſh for the exigencies, *humour your caprice—Still* be the cry, '*havoc, and let ſlip the dogs of war.*' If not, accept my humble reſignation—I'll not uphold certain, haſtening, inevitable diſgrace."

" Alack! alack!" ſaid he, " I am poor—too generous—no means—curſed thing though!—My old hobby horſe—love him as well as *my white horſe*. But go back; go

ſee

ſee what you can do—treat—make terms—make peace—do any thing but *aſk me for money*.

Vilpi Tico prepared an inſtrument to which the ſign manual

"LOG-EREG"

was affixed, and away we again ſet off, like Jove's precurſors, to act as we could—beſt—to ſave the Monarch's honour? No, his purſe!

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

Meets the Ambaſſadors—Reſult of the Conference—Another Viſit from Pekrub—*who, on* Gulliver's *Determination to make Peace or retire, falls in Convulſions, and dies—Extraordinary Manner of his Tranſlation to Eternity—The Cataſtrophe of his Death related, and recital of his Confeſſions ſtrike Vilpi Tico, Vile-Grin, and Dunbeldaſhio dumb, blind, and deaf; from which melancholy Circumſtances a Change in the Miniſtry becomes abſolutely neceſſary.*

NO time was loſt. We haſted to meet the commiſſioners. They were ſlightly known to me in *Blefeſcu*, but I was better known by them; their names were *Gruph-eci* and *Terrenas*. They received me very cordially, but looked very coolly on my friend *Vilpi Tico*. He perceived it, and ſoon after our authority was notified, under pretence of other very urgent buſineſs, made an apology for indiſpenſible abſence, reſigned the entire conduct of the matter to me, and with a haughty ſtride left us.

What

What paſſed at this momentous converſation, it would be highly indecorous and unſtateſman-like for me to mention *here*. *Cabinet hiſtory* of the paſſing moment is always reſerved for the admiration and inſtruction of the following generation; of courſe I ſhall not deviate from eſtabliſhed rule, and ſuffer the maſs to ſee, by means of my garrulity, the weak ſides and mental imbecillities of ſuch highly-rated names as *Vilpi Tico's*, *Vile-Grin's*, and *Dunbeldaſhio's*.

Our converſation was of conſiderable length. We agreed that peace was abſolutely neceſſary for *both powers*. My co-incidence pleaſed them; and they ſaid, *their ſtate* would not heſitate for trifles, their hatred being not againſt the *Lilliputian nation*, but merely againſt *the few* who had perſevered in an unneceſſary war, and *who*, they were inſtructed to ſay, muſt be proſcribed from any congreſs held for pacification: Promiſing to urge *this* (rather than give up ſo deſirable a point), I returned home.

Pekrub, in deep mourning, his anger of the over-night forgotten, was waiting my arrival. He was ſitting in ſorrowful attitude; before him

him lay Sevrefe's *black-book* and a manufcript (the contents of which will be feen fhortly); in his right-hand a dagger. I thought he was ftudying the part of Cato for theatric repre-fentation, and that the book before him was the fubftitute for Plato's Phœdo; but he was only ftudying a parody. Attentively liften-ing, I heard him utter,

" If 't must be so!
Thus am I doubly arm'd—*My life* and *death*—
My *bane* and *antidote* are both before me.
This in a moment brings me to *one end*,
By which I certainly shall *'scape the rope*,
While *this* informs me I shall *get a place*
As soon as I behold *another king*,
Or else *that other king can* have no vanity."

My ftep interrupted his foliloquy, and he addreffed me thus:

" Well!—is it well?—What say these caitiff dogs!
Will they yet crouch?—lick Lilliputian dust?
Ere all compell'd to bite the soil of hell."

" Sublime orator," I replied; " be com-pos'd, all fhall be well, and I'll obtain fuch peace---"

" No! no!" said he, " war! war! no peace! no peace!
Be aristocracy the only joy:
Let commerce perish—Let the world expire;
Or, as at first, let *Adam* whip his brutes."

I was

I was nettled, and faid,

" *Adam*, I think, has flogg'd his brutes enough ;
Their flesh is gone, they are mere skin and bone,
Nor longer shou'd endure the curse of war.
Peace, or my resignation shall take place."

On my faying this he uplifted the dagger, and, in a ſtate of abſolute phrenzy and demoniac-like attitude, vociferated,

" And is it come to this ! oh ! then farewel
The paid-for pen ! Farewel the phraſe verbose !
The spirit-stirring hope of great reward,
Which led me on to varnish monst'rous vice,
The royal rags, and all the tinsel glare,
However base which once *Blefescu* bore !
Printers, and printers' devils too, farewel !
And ye, ye pretty pensions which so long
Have bless'd my fingers for the venal song,
Farewel ! *Old Pekrub's* occupation's gone,
And *the sublime* and *beautiful's no more* !"

He was in the act of ſtriking the dagger into his breaſt, when a convulſion ſeizing him, he fell proſtrate on the floor; the manuſcript dropped from his hand; I took it up, and ſafely lodged it in my pocket. I thought at firſt it was only a fit, the conſequence of paſſion, ſuch as I had ſeen him in before, and that he ſoon would recover; however, he was

called to eulogize *the court above* or *below*, for he was ſtone dead. I muſt confeſs I was ſomewhat ſhocked; though for ſome time I had conſidered his head a little wrong, and thought him going. While contemplating his body, a vapor aroſe from it, and diffuſed a ſcent like the acrimonious acid ſmell which proceeds from a neſt of enraged emmets. To get rid of it, I threw a few grains of gunpowder on the corpſe; it immediately took fire, and the terreſtrial part of *Pekrub* evaporated *inſtanter in fumo*, brains and all, leaving only his empty ſkull: I was glad it was conſumed, it being ſufficient to ſhew his ſtrange tranſlation to eternity. *His head* being differently formed to that of others, by producing what had been his *knowledge box*, my word could not be doubted.

Whether his memory may be worth regiſtering, the impartial annals of the next century will ſhew.

As ſoon as I had got the better of my ſurprize, I diſpatched meſſengers to inform *Vilpi Tico, Vile-Grin*, and *Dunheldaſhio*, of the melancholy event.

"I thought ſome evil planet reign'd,
And ſhed its baneful influence on mankind."

by

By the appearance of my returned ſervants, who all trembled as if ſhaken with the ague, after ſome pauſe, one of them, on my repeating the queſtion, "*What anſwer?*" ſaid, "*None! ſtruck dumb!*"—"*All dumb?*" ſaid I, "*fool!*" "*Vilpi Tico, Vile-Grin,* and *Dunkeldaſhio dumb!*" "*Slanderous ſcoundrel!* impoſſible! I'll go and ſee."

I found them all ſitting on the ſame ſopha whereon they were placed when the poiſoning plot was developed. I began condoling for the loſs of *Pekrab*, but might as well have held my peace. Their auricular faculties were alſo gone. They underſtood my actions, and all wept bitterly. There is nothing moves one like *great men* in diſtreſs! Their eyes were the only remaining ſenſe of mental communication. I was fearful leſt that ſhould go too, ſo with all expedition placed pen, ink, and paper before them. *Vilpi Tico*, by their motions, was deputed ſcribe. He wrote, and I anſwered as follows:

Vilpi Tico. "Did *Pekrab* make any confeſſions before his death?"

Anſwer. "I did not hear him, but have

poſſeſſion of this manuſcript which fell from his hand in the agonies of death."

I laid it before them; it contained as follows:

"*Mes Confeſſions a la Rouſſeau.*

"*Rouſſeau* wrote *his confeſſions* from *the the ſpirit*, the *cynical motive*, the *deviliſh deſire*, and *vicious determination* ariſing from *that deſire*, of dragging others forward as objects of diſguſt, in the ſame *humanity-degrading, ill-featured, ill-deſigned, baſely-managed, hiſtorical canvaſs with himſelf.* I write mine from no ſuch motive. No! but, *primo loco* (in the firſt place), 'I tranſlate for the benefit of the country gentlemen to clear my memory. *From that hunt of obloquy* which (notwithſtanding my *patriotic virtue, inflexibility, integrity, unſhaken* and *unchangeable*) has purſued me with a full cry through life.'

"*Secundo* (ſecondly), *to inſtruct, to ſhew, to point out, to teach* (I am fearful for want of another ſimile or epithet ſuited to the phraſe, the beauty and ſublimity of this paſſage will fail of my uſual graceful circuity; however I am at confeſſion) others who may follow *my track*,

track, my walk, my path, my courſe, or road through mortality; how *to enjoy, poſſeſs,* and *become maſters* in old age of *otium,* or eaſe, *opes,* or wealth."

"The iſland of *Gab-and-face* claims the honour of my birth; the Jeſuit college of *Remo* in *Bleſeſcu,* my education: There I *untiredly, unremittingly, unceaſingly* ſtudied many years, and *waſted, burned, watched* out many a midnight lamp, *not* in unprofitable philoſophic toil—*not* in the reſearches of who were the moſt virtuous of antiquity—*not* how a man could live and die moſt admiredly poor; *but* how he might *beſt, ſooneſt,* and *eaſieſt* arrive at worldly profit. From obſervation, and bleſſed alſo with a cold, yet commanding, apathetic ſtoical viſage and form, I turned to the pages of modern hiſtory, and after, various revolvings, fixed *on Lilliput* as the ſtage whereon to act my part.

"Fraught with polemic ſubtlety, and Jeſuitic complacent conſcience and confidence, I bade adieu to the fathers of *Remo,* and bent my courſe to the expected *El-Dorado.*

"A few political pamphlets brought me into notice. I then wrote a treatiſe on the

beauties of Lilliputian ortho and logography. It was rather impudent in me, being a foreigner; but the ſwarm of bookworms infeſting that little inſulated atom of land, bite at *any rag*, *tatter*, or ſcrap of novelty in literature; the book is now almoſt obſolete, but it anſwered my purpoſe.

" I was next noticed by a *ſtate party*, formidable to the then adminiſtration, and, *from vanity* and *for bread*, became enrolled in the Lilliputian ſenate as the *firebrand* of freedom.

" *How I rav'd, how I toil'd, how I moil'd, how I ſweated, how I threatened*, the annals of the times will ſhew.

Lilliput, in this my ranting period, became involved in a war with the inhabitants of ſome patches of land ſhe had ſettled and eſtabliſhed. My party, who were anxious for power, maintained the cauſe of the revolters, and thus *I* ſtood prominent in the ſcene.

Nor *only* in the ſenate, I engaged with a bookſeller to write part of a periodical miſcellany, to which I was the hiſtoric SYBIL, and therein dreſſed up the heroes of my party *a la merveil*. From this I got a decent ſalary, the beſt I could *then* get (my party being *outs*); I con-

I continued it to the close of the war, and the bookseller, in justice to me, will confess it paid him as well as he paid me.

"A splendid scene now opened to my view. This war had brought an immense debt on Lilliput. The people murmured at the taxes; and *I*, ever busy-minded, and anxiously waiting for the breeze which should waft me into power, proposed various phantoms of reform. I attacked the very bread and butter of *Log-Ereg*; said he ate and drank too much, slept too soft, gave his servants too much wages, and advised retrenchments in every article, with curtailment of his income. This obtained me the huzzas of the mob.—But NO PENSION.—Here *I was not blind*; a *pension* still might come. There was a little fund called the FOUR COPARS, from which the monarch had licence to grant indulgencies to his *favourites*. THAT, hoping some day I might be of the *elect*, *I* prudently, sagaciously, prophetically left untouched; yet, it answered not—another, and another storm came on, still—elementally, soaringly inclined, and filled with aspiring gas, fully charged, bloated, skinful, I rose in the senate——'The cause,'

it

it was 'the cauſe my ſoul'—*auri ſacra fames* —deſire of

"A PENSION.

"I *now* call God and man to *witneſs*, to *atteſt*, to *prove* I have been hitherto uniform. An epiſodical (unexpected) opportunity of obtaining the deſired *end*, *metus*, *goal*, preſented and gave me hope to exclaim,

"*Mea domo renidet lacunar.*"

Or,

"I now have ſilver, brass, and gold,
"Effect of *changes* manifold."

"A *good*, *faithful*, *praiſe-deſerving*, *brave*, *politically-ſkilled Governor* returned from the labour of many years' ſervice in a diſtant clime, where the only fruit he gathered and had ſtored, was the hononr of his country, by him fully and reverentially preſerved. Him I ſingled out as the butt my random arrow ſhould fly at to obtain the high flavoured game, *penſion*. Alas! I was deceived. He heard my oratorical fulmen denouncing him 'the moſt abandoned of mankind; charging him with the crimes of *rapacity*, *peculation*, *cruelty*, *unneceſſary wanton bloodſhed*, *war*, and *murder*.' For all which alledgments I put him

him to his trial as the *nequiſſimus bipedum*. Uſeleſsly, alas to me! did I keep him years on years in the agonizing ſtate of innocence with an impeached character: For *he* patiently, meekly, prudently, wiſely, bore it out; and, with the curſed unblushing front of integrity, and the conviction of falſe accuſation againſt him, waited (without ſuing to *me* for favour) the verdict of

" *Not Guilty*.

" *My bark* was now a little ſhattered by the many rocks of diſappointment it had daſhed againſt, and I thought of laying her up in ſome creek of promiſe for a repair, before I would venture out again; but it was ordered otherways. A prize of the firſt expectation ſuddenly appeared right before me. I thought no more of repair, but, with full bent ſails, gave inſtant chace. She appeared richly laden, and I made no doubt to find

" A PENSION CHEST on board.

" To drop metaphor, LOG-EREG was ſeized with a malady, the moſt pitiable inflicted on the human frame—(I am at confeſſion). If *Log-Ereg* had faults, he had over-balancing virtues; the connubial and parental, and

mercy

mercy and compaſſion were undoubtedly his juſt attributes, againſt all which there was only to oppoſe the error of a money-loving appetite; but I threw down the gauntlet of *invective*. I compared him to the Aſſyrian King puniſhed for his miſdeeds: That heaven had diveſted him of reaſon for his manifold crimes—reduced him to a level with the brutes. I adviſed to hurl him from his throne, and place another in his ſtead. *Juſt* as my ſyſtem began to be approved—*juſt* as my deſired port, *preferment*, was in view, *he*, miraculouſly, ſuddenly recovered; his people followed his footſteps with bleſſings, and I was at ſea again without

"*A Penſion.*

"*Now*, thanks to *Alecto*, *Tiſiphone*, and *Megæra*! Praiſe be to the genius of diſcord, whoſe terror-ſtriking trump ſhrilly and fear-impreſſingly blew the blaſt—

"*Revolution in Bleſeſcu!*

"This *revolution*, in a few ſhort months, irremediably, irretrievably overthrew the moſt tyrannous ariſtocracy, though the labour of eleven centuries.

"*Peaſants trod upon the necks of nobles.*

"(I'm

" (I'm at confeſſion) There *it was* right, *it was* to be expected—*it was* even-handed juſtice; for they had borne them down from generation to generation, even to the groundſil edge. I acknowledge this in ſecret; but I wanted

" *A Penſion.*

" Here begins my fortunate epoch. Hence view me in a new light—no longer a grub—I here caſt my ſlough, and become a fair ſilky moth, fluttering my wings in the genial beams of royalty, and give to the world my

" *Beauties of Ariſtocracy.*

" All my former aſperities againſt *Log-Ereg* were forgotten, and but juſtly; for I pourtrayed every *earthly majeſty* as *viceroys of the Almighty*, who, to touch with the rod of correction, was ſacrilege, and their every conſort as *earth-treading ſtars, ſiſters of heaven*, immaculate and faultleſs.

" *It did*; the paſt was ſunk in oblivion, and I got

" A PENSION."

The miſchiefs flowing from my fallacious varniſhing pamphlet were not thought of. I bolſtered

bolſtered up the cauſe, and made it appear palatable to the unthinking.

It was fatally anſwered; and had *I* not written, my ſuperior genius could not have replied. But I got my penſion.

I retired ſatisfied, thinking all over, and that the fortunate Jeſuitic education had at length given me poſſeſſion of quiet and affluence for my dotage.—I was miſtaken.

Once more I was called to the field of political diſpute.—My tergiverſations, my wanderings, my eccentricities were attacked, my whole life was canvaſſed by two ſcarcely-bearded boys; yet in ſo maſterly a manner did they diſſect my conduct, that it appeared to every diſpaſſionate auditor the life of

A State Harlequin.

It was abſolutely neceſſary to riſe in vindication, to ſay, or write ſomething, or loſe my penſion, my darling penſion! It was too late in the day! "*I was now a poor lone man, and had none to meet my enemies in the gate.*" What could I do? I felt my inſufficiency, yet I could not, from apparent gratitude, let the ſhuttlecock, I had ſo long kept up,

up, fall to the ground without one laſt exhauſting effort. I publiſhed a ſtrain of fulſome adulation on my donor, and of ribaldric, metaphoric, abuſive invective, the refuſe of my peck of verboſe wheat at the heads of thoſe I had, when unpenſioned, ſworn almoſt adoration unto, conſortation, and laſting amity with.

I ſuppoſe ſome pens will anſwer me. If unpenſioned, let them. While my paid-for nonſenſe paſſes current, I ſhall defy their attacks; *and lay, like one of theſe old oaks, which the late hurricane has ſcattered round me,*" log-like, unimpreſſibly ſecure. After all, what have I gained? After forty years ſtruggle, what am I?

A penſioned heterogeneous character, and ſuch as I ſhould deſpiſe, if I was not myſelf *the man.* But it is well I am become alone man, and have no ſon to curſe my memory: For he could never ſurmount or do away, though poſſeſſed of all the points in which perſonal merit can be viewed, in *ſcience*, in erudition, in genius, in taſte, in honour, in generoſity, in humanity—(what ſad ſtuff!)—in every liberal ſentiment, and every liberal ac-

compliſhment, thoſe undeſerved obloquies which, though retorting on myſelf, I have ſo unneceſſarily, copiouſly, unfathomably, groundleſsly laviſhed from my acrimonious pen on my two young, noble, gallant, freedom-defending, aſſailant detectors; yet I hope I ſhall deſerve, and ſtill receive

MY PENSION;

for I am reſolved ſtill on to write, in deſiance of whips, ſtraw, chains, and a dark room.

Here the manuſcript ended. There were beginnings of ſeveral ſentences, or notes, but, from their unconnectedneſs, could not be underſtood. In all probability had he lived, he would have continued them.

As ſoon as they had finiſhed reading, they carefully folded it up; then each, with ſtreaming eyes, kiſſed it.

Vilpi Tico next wrote, "*We muſt reſign.*"

I anſwered, "*So it is rumoured.*"

Vilpi Tico. "We ſuppoſe *Nadireſh* and *Calxhoſer* will come in with you, and *peace* be eſtabliſhed."

I replied,

I replied, "*There* are almoſt *innumerables* who *ſay*, *wiſh*, and *hope* ſo."

He was proceeding to write another queſtion, when the pen fell from his hand. Stedfaſtly looking at him, I perceived what I had feared was come to paſs; blindneſs had alſo ſeized him and his companions. I could ſcarcely credit my own eyes, and began to doubt whether all theſe accidents really had happened, or if my own head was ſteady, and my mind ſound. However freſh ſymptoms brought me from my reverie, and proved there was reality in the cataſtrophes; for they now began to kick and ſtruggle ſhockingly, by which I am afraid their memories remained perfect, and that they were ſtung and tortured by ſome dreadful recollections. As I could do them no good, I gave them a laſt long look, committed them to the care of their domeſtics, and returned home.

CHAP. XVIII.

Meſſage by Wholtru *and* Eniſker *from* Log-Ereg *to* Gulliver—*Attends*—Nadireſh *and Calxhosfer taken into favour, and appointed Secretaries of Legation—Death of* Orobluff *—More of* Gulliver's *private Hiſtory—Prepares for his Embaſſy—Affection of a Servant—Specimen of* Nadireſh's *Poetical Talents—Set off on their Journey to* Bleſeſcu—*Applauded by the People, and named* Prince of Peace.

I WAS now *the atlas* that ſupported *Lilliput*, my colleagues being incapacited as before-mentioned. I was conſidering how to proceed, whether to leave the metropolis, and go in perſon to *Log-Ereg* with the doleful tidings, or ſend an official account, when the arrival of my old worthy friend *Wholtru*, accompanied by *Eniſker*, put an end to my deliberations. *Wholtru*, in his uſual, abrupt, mannerleſs, honeſt manner, broke out at me thus:

" By G— what I expected is come to paſs! You

You muſt come with us immediately, *Log-Ereg* is come poſt to the capital, and there is the devil to pay. We have been cloſeted theſe two hours, and have, at laſt, after much ſolicitation, agreed to come in, in junction with you, for the deſirable and deſired accompliſhment of peace—for *Pekrub's corpſe* ſtunk d——ly, ha! But come, *d—n that!* make haſte; let's go—we muſt not loiter—*it's to do good.*"

Away we hurried to the *royal reſidence*—There were aſſembled an entirely new caſt of feature—*Nadireſh* and *Calxbosfer* were bowing to, and ſimpering at, each other, from the ſeats formerly filled with *Vilpi Tico* and *Vile-Grin*. *Woltbru* popped himſelf into *that* of *Orobluff*; and *Eniſker* with a grace equalized to the conſequence of the ſituation, placed himſelf in *Y-ko-nens* (the *Scipio* before whom my cauſe was heard). To ſay truth, I was glad to ſee *Eniſker* exalted to the rank his talents deſerved, yet I was ſorry to ſee *Y-ko-nen* diſplaced, as I believe he was a very honeſt man. But it certainly is right, when ſeveral ſervants in one houſhold are become either indolent, roguiſh, or ſaucy, to get rid of the

whole gang at once, ſuppoſing it might be judged right to do the ſame in ſuperior ſyſtems, I ſubmitted to ſee *Eniſker* in his new place, without thinking again of *Y-ko-nen*.

The buſineſs we were ſummoned on may be eaſily conceited, *viz.*

" To adopt the eaſieſt, moſt advantageous, and expeditious means of ending the war."

It was ordered, " That *I* ſhould repair to the Blefeſcudian Commiſſioners, and name ſome neutral place for the aſſemblage of a congreſs to treat. That an armiſtice ſhould take place, and that *Calxhoſfer*, *Nadireſh*, and *I* would meet them, with an additional Commiſſioner on their part, at ſuch time and place as we ſhould reſolve on."

Theſe great matters ſettled, the council was breaking up, when news was brought that *Orobluff* had been choaked, his ſervants having, by miſtake, ſerved him with a bony fiſh, called the *flat* or *reſignation*-flounder, inſtead of the *plaice-fiſh*, of which he was remarkably fond. A circumſtance occurred here, which I thought a little cruel: *Log-Ereg* laughed at the relation of his death, and wittily, though ſurely rather unkindly, ſaid—

" Thought

"Thought ſo—always thought ſo!—thought he'd come ſhort home—very greedy—always greedy—*always mouthfull of place*—got a bellyfull now—Hah, *Wholtru!*

Wholtru looked gruffly, but ſoon recovered himſelf. *The principal* withdrew, and after the uſual congratulations between thoſe who had been promoted, our aſſembly broke up.

I repaired inſtantly to the Commiſſioners, told them the reſult, with which, well pleaſed, after determining our meeting, we parted, and they gave orders for return.

Every thing now reſtored to tranquillity, I intended to indulge myſelf with one day's repoſe, and commanded that I ſhould be generally denied to all viſitors: And it was well I did, for it was no ſooner rumoured that I was departing on the following day diplomatiquement, than there was one continual knocking at my door—perſons of all ranks, ages, and conditions, who, when they found I was not to be ſeen, retired, and ſoon again came with their ſolicitations in writing, every one flattering himſelf ſome place in my ſuite remained vacant for "*integrity, aſſiduity*, and *abilities*." It was in vain to anſwer them, ſo ordered my

ſecretary

ſecretary to throw the letters, as they were delivered, into a waſte room to abide my return.

After refreſhing myſelf, I recollected it was neceſſary to prepare for my departure; ſo calling together all my houſhold, I directly put it in hand; the alertneſs of my ſervants ſoon enabled me to finiſh packing. One little trait of gratitude I am bound to mention: The poor mortal, who I had reſcued from *Sevreſe's inquiſitorial trial* for the *magnetic* and *tobacco-quid plot*, was reſolved (notwithſtanding I had proteſted againſt taking any of the ſubjects of the majeſty of Lilliput out of his dominions, leſt they ſhould return infected with the *mania Blefeſcudiana*) to attend me, and reſolutely hid himſelf in *the tobacco-box*. I diſcovered him very accidentally, not by his weight, but by taking him out with a bit which I was about to put in my mouth. To ſhew I was not angry, I gave him an ingot above his wages, and promiſed, if I returned, to take him again into my ſervice.

I once more had recourſe to my packet tied with the narrow black ribbon, and the ſcrap next preſented

ADELINE'S ANSWER

TO

LAURENCE.

I.

Has *the grave* open'd to my sight?
Has *ocean* cast her dead?
Or is't the vap'rish gloom of night
Affects my feeble head?
" * Twelve summer months, and winter's cold,"
That time, with *fact* accords!
But *where's thy Julia?* Ah! that's told
Without grief-weak'ning words!
Come! Laurence, come! acknowledgement receive,
And teach me, grace, like thee resign'd to grieve.

II.

'Tis true from morn till night I weep,
And sigh those hours design'd for sleep.
Snow-cold my breast, nerves so unstrung,
Accents scarce murmurs from my tongue;
Care's lines the dimples' place supply,
And orbit-sunk my hollow eye.
So merciless this fiend despair,
His vengeance ev'n has rim'd my hair;
Robb'd me of ev'ry charm and winning grace,
And stamp'd *infirm old age* on woman's *scarce-form'd* face.

* Vide page 115, Laurence to Adeline.

Thou

III.

Thou, arm'd with manly reason, hast defi'd
The tyrant's sapping pow'r,
And mail'd with *sense*, *philosophy* thy guide,
Could'st stem th' assailing hour:
But what cou'd *I?* my *only comfort* gone!
Who ne'er the strength'ning aid of science knew,
Bow'd down by ev'ry blast affliction blew,
Save *bitter wend*, wish death, and breathe my *widow'd moan.*

IV.

Haste then, my *saint-like brother*, haste!
Dear comfort of my soul!
Thou only welcome earthly guest,
With *Adeline* condole.

V.

My cell shall meet thy holy gaze,
Bedeck'd with nicest care;
An added lamp shall cast its blaze
Before the fount * of pray'r.

VI.

There shalt thou find me on my knee,
Arm cross'd o'er either breast,
Grateful for minutes as they flee,
As each leads on to rest.

VII.

And tho' of ev'ry good bereft,
When thy dear form I see;
If yet *one* lambent smile is left,
That one shall beam on thee.

* The Crucifix.

Our

VIII.

Our parent's *mem'ries then* we'll bless,
Their *spirits* next invoke,
To view our mutual wretchedness,
To ease our heavy yoke.

IX.

Trace from our infant happy state,
To reason's glorious rise;
So on, till rigid, wayward fate
Stamp'd us, *love's sacrifice*.

X.

When all of Nature was o'erthrown
From pride 'gainst virtue's worth,
When clos'd *those doors* our birthright's won,
And all *our wealth?*—wide earth.

XI.

Thou thought'dst because that *orphan mild*
Engross'd my daily care,
That he was mine, loose folly's child,
Sad nursling of despair.

XII.

I found him here, his mother dead;
I know no more, not ask,
Save *this*, he wept, I gave him bread,
Fair charity's sweet task.

XIII.

Haste then, my saint-like brother, haste!
Dear comfort of my soul!
Thou only welcome earthly guest,
With *Adeline's* condole.

I'll

XIV.

I'll weep thy *Julia lost*, while you,
With sympathy divine,
Shall shed *connubial sorrows, due*
O'er my lost *Henry's* shrine.

I might *now* be literally considered *a citizen of the world*, for neither *Adeline* had been my mother, or *Laurence* my father—still I might be the *son of Gulliver*. But my exalted station required I should find a pedigree of *some sort* wherewith to ornament the leaves of heraldry, and under my embassy, one hope of tracing it existed. *I* was undoubtedly dropped on the coast of *Ydnamron*, in *Blefescu*, from whence many others, now titled in Lilliput, are proud to boast their genealogy, and think it the summit of superiority to be deduced from a bastard *Ramron*. I had strong ground for my hope being realized, and, wrapped in that pleasant reverie, sunk to slumber.

Early in the morning the shouts of assembled thousands awoke me, and I could plainly distinguish

" *Nadiresh* and *peace!*

" *Calxhosfer* and *peace!*

" *Quarmsi*

" *Quarmſi, Glulplew*, and *peace.*

" Succeſs to the friends of humanity, and their embaſſy.

" No more war!—No more war!

" God ſave *Log-Ereg*!

" God bleſs the peace-givers!"

The air rang with the above, and ſimilar expreſſions. My equipage, drawn forth exactly as on my entreé *into* the metropolis, was at my door—and following in high ſtile,

My Secretaries of the Legation.

They alighted, diſmiſſed their carriages, and flew to embrace me. While we were partaking of a collation I had provided for them, *Nadireſh* put a manuſcript in my hand with this preface:

" You remember, *Quarmſi*, the prieſt who aſked you to dine on the faſt day? He has been dabbling ſince in politics, and as I hate churchmen to ſtep out of the bounds of moral propriety, I have compoſed an addreſs to him; juſt run your eye over it, and I'll ſend it to the preſs before we ſet off."

I did as he deſired me, and at *Calxhoſfer's* requeſt, read it aloud. It was as follows:

A POETIC EPISTLE

TO THE

PRATING PRELATE OF LILLIPUT,

FROM

HIS ALMA MATER HYPOCRITA.

WITH NOTES.

" Quo, quo scelesti ruitis?
" *Hic est* acerba fata agunt."
HOR.

I.

WHAT have I done, my darling boy,
That *thus* your mother you affright?
By holy Peter's * keys, I vow
I have not felt such qualms, such fears,
These eighteen † hundred rolling years
As press my bosom *now*—
No! not when *Julian* ‡ rent my veil.
Ah me! I'm sick from head ‖ to tail.
Help! or I sink to endless night,
And with *me* dies Fanaticism's joy!

* St. Peter supposed to keep the keys of heaven.

† From the year A. D. 1, to 1796.

‡ The Emperor Julian, after being a Christian bigot, apostatized, and became the scourge of the church.

‖ From the Pope to the sexton.

Then,

II.

Then, then farewel, belov'd tythe goose and pig,
Black gown, and learned-seeming bushy wig;
Farewel to coach and couch;
Farewel to gout, repletion's evil:
But 'stead thereof the starv'd blue devil *
Beneath your stool will crouch.

III.

Then too, your wife, sweet lady fair,
Nor dress nor cards will make her care,
Or flaunt the town about;
From street to street, from square to square,
Boasting the pannel's *mitred glare*,
At midnight's noisy route.

IV.

If *I* shou'd die, you'd not be able,
To keep a hunter in your stable,
Or game-keeper right brave,
To guard *the hares* for *holy men*,
To mew *the birds* in *priesthood's* den,
Or shoot † the poaching knave.

V.

You'd not be able *then*, if cash
Runs low, and there's end of *dash*,
From dissipation's cause,
To visit *Rome*, and leave your *See*
To straining stewards, *absentee*
From duns and bailiffs' claws.

* Hyp, spleen, or fever of dissappointment.

† There was an accident of this sort once happened in Lilliput, the game-keeper of a priest shooting a poacher. GULLIVER, Jun.

VI.

Ere then *I go*, as go I quickly must,
And all our trump'ry shall be laid in dust,
Let us in serious mood survey
The motley world around,
From Italy and Spain profound,
To where the madmen * of the day,
Spurn at our holy toil, and mystic pay,
And let us try, if yet within our pow'r,
A little to prolong the lazy, stall-fed hour.

VII.

First look for what Blefescu's sons uprose,
And tore to rags the sacerdotal clothes:
Was it that pious meekness they abhorr'd,
Or useless gold in monasteries stor'd?
Was it fair charity, good will to all,
Or lust and stiff-neck'd pride provok'd your brethren's fall?

VIII.

I fear some haughty, naughty prelate said,
His head uprearing from swoln luxury's bed;
"The multitude have nought to do
But bend, obey, and smile at woe,
And tho' a murmur breaks for bread,
Strict law (for slaves) should doom such dead?"
Why hangs your head? Why mute thy holy tongue?
I speak what pass'd abroad, "Your withers are unwrung."

* The Blefescudians.

Ah!

IX.

Ah! have I touch'd you, dove-ey'd sacred soul!
What! flowing tears down either ruby jowl,
Just so, I swear, in potteries I've seen
The liquid brimstone glaze the red earth pan;
But dry them up. 'Tis not so bad I hope.
Some months may scape ere yet you reach the rope.

X.

Oh! 'twou'd be dreadful bad for *you*,
Who *here* have had no work to do,
But eat, and drink, and w——;
Like the Blefes'can priests, poor ragged wretches,
With long lank sides, cropp'd hair, and tatter'd breeches,
To seek a foreign shore.

XI.

Where cou'd ye go? I scarce know where;
To *Rockica*—Oh no, not there!
For *there* they make no hay.
Perhaps best place, as few require,
Or priesthood's gifts, or pastoral fire,
Is *Botany's* fair Bay.

XI.

Shou'd you object, and think *that* far,
Perhaps beneath the northern star
You, who are young, might *rise*;
In buxom *Cath'rine's* passion'd hour,
Snugly slip in to mitred pow'r,
The temple's prop, her thighs.

XIII.

Sweet smiles my Shemei's cheeks adorn,
Go, my dear son, for honour born,
For here, I fear, the game is up;
And if ye strive against the wind,
Justice, perchance, may lift her blind *,
And you in paradise may shortly sup.

XIV.

Lilliput's mob so wise are grown,
They, croziers, and the scarlet gown,
Regard with tilted noses,
And thinks *ten thousand cops* † per year,
More than a vap'ring priest need bear,
Who only gripes and dozes.

XV.

Haste then to Lapland's untaught race,
There's but *one other* vacant place
On earth's terraqueous zone—
Where yet religion rears her head,
There holy prelates only plead,
For virtue's sake alone.

XVI.

But *England's* ‡ stall will not suit *you*;
They give, and never grasp a due,
Men's souls are all their care.

* Perhaps the *bandage* she is said to have her eyes covered with.

† *Cops*, abbreviated *copars*, the coin of Lilliput.

‡ England then is the *one place meant*—A just and fine compliment.

You

You stare, and well, right well you may,
I mean'd not you shou'd thither stray,
Who nothing know of pray'r.

XVII.

No! you'd be lost on England's shore,
Join'd with meek Markham, learned Moore,
And prudent virtuous North.
Their moral rules, and temp'rate food
Wou'd ill agree with your's, whose blood,
Boils high for temp'ral worth.

XVIII.

You, too, so us'd to foam and gabble
In *Lilliput's* tax-framing *Babel*,
On *spies*, and *war*, and *treason*,
Cou'd ne'er contented, silent sit,
And list to *Britain's Saviour*, *Pitt*,
Tho' he's arch-prince of reason.

XIX.

You'd be for dipping in your oar,
And 'larm the mob without the door,
As *here* you lately did;
Therefore, no thoughts of England, there
The *sov'reign mass* have rights, and share,
And will not be priest-rid.

XX.

My son, but little now remains:
Firstly, we'll reckon up the gains
You can secure before you hop,

How

How lucky 'twas you turn'd your head,
When weeping mothers knelt for bread,
And crav'd one stiver from your yellow crop!

XXI.

So now with gold and learning bless'd,
You stand good chance to be carress'd
Where virtue is not known:
If too you keep your subtle looks,
And lov'd obedient-passive books,
Withal your Lexicon.

XXII.

None shall dispute your sov'reign claim
To *Metropolitan's* high name,
In land o'erwhelm'd with vice,
Where despots rule with unyok'd sway,
Where priests receive and never pray,
Except o'er cards and dice.

XXIII.

There shalt thou rule arch-priest install'd
(By *you* and *me*, his will enthrall'd);
We'll tax and tythe the *very bear*,
And frame such acts shall make him stare.
Meanwhile he shall not ope his grumbling throat;
For, for the love I owe thy zeal,
Upon his mouth I'll pop a seal
So close, we will not hear dissention's note.

XXIV.

Thus, yet a little will we last,
And list around *reform's* fell blast,
There in our wilds safe pent;

We'll

We'll lead the monsters such a dance,
Such as was Whilom led —— ——,
'Till *reason's shift was bent.*

XXV.

But come, my son, too long we stay,
I've mark'd you out a dreary way;
Yet heed it not: No soil so low,
But for a time church seed will grow—
So haste, I hear reform's curs'd bell
Toll forth oppression's and vile pension's knell.

While I was reading the above, and my colleagues refreshing themselves, the mob took the bullocks out of the car, and 10,000 of them harnessed themselves to it. I remonstrated; but in vain, and was obliged to submit.

It was my intention to use the same polite caution with my new comrades as I had observed in my first journey to *Elsac-Sinwrod* towards *Vilpi Tico* and his friends; but there was no occasion—they scrambled up alertly, and when I expressed my surprise at their courage, they laughingly replied—

"*We* are not frightened at the elevation—*We* have been all our lives accustomed to look

look upwards. We are not afraid of any heigth."

They then began ſinging a duet. It was ſomething about

"Let us take the road."

The populace highly applauded, *I once more unfurled my umbrella*, and away we went on our patriotic journey; and ſurely ſuſpicion could not be entertained of our want of integrity; for *my ſecretaries* were pennileſs, and I was only enriched with the ſounding title of

Prince of Peace.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 72, line 14, for *lose*, read *lost*.
Page 205, line 19, for *alone*, read *a lone*.
Page 213, line 14, for *accents*, read *accent*.